Britannia and Eve

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 41 No. 6 DECEMBER, 1950

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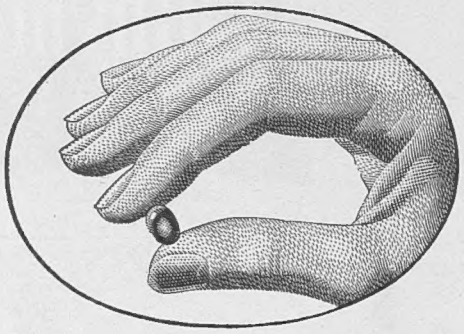

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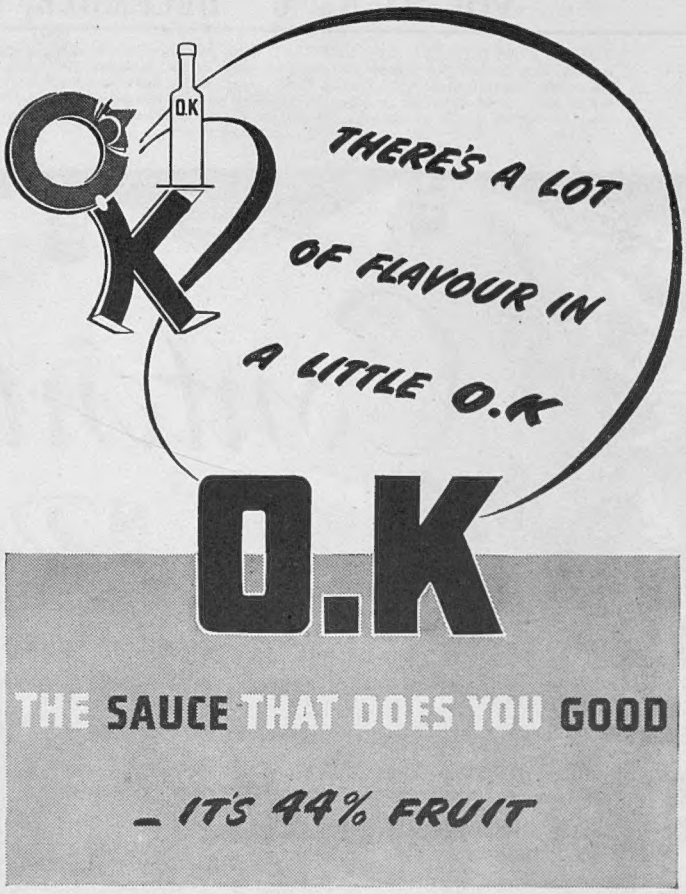

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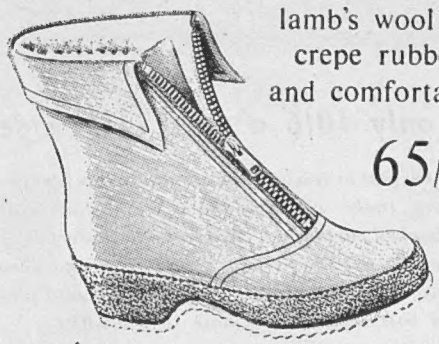

by Holmes NORWICH

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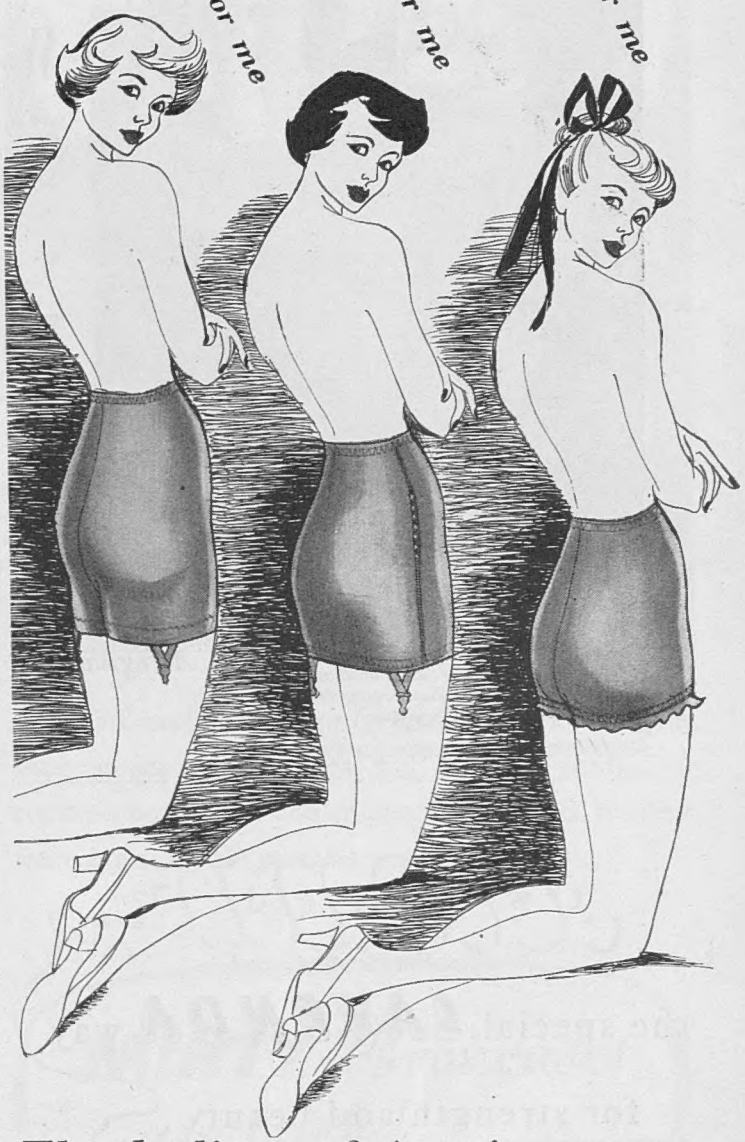

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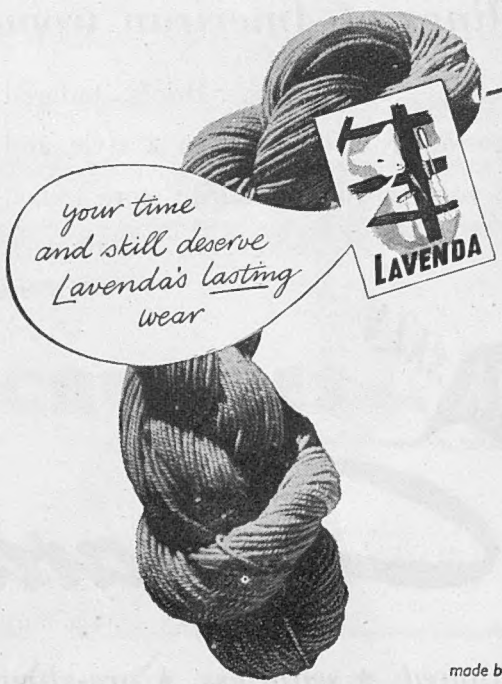

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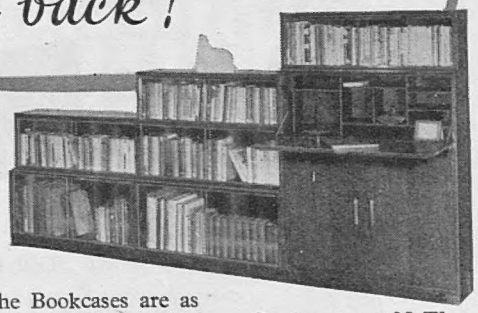

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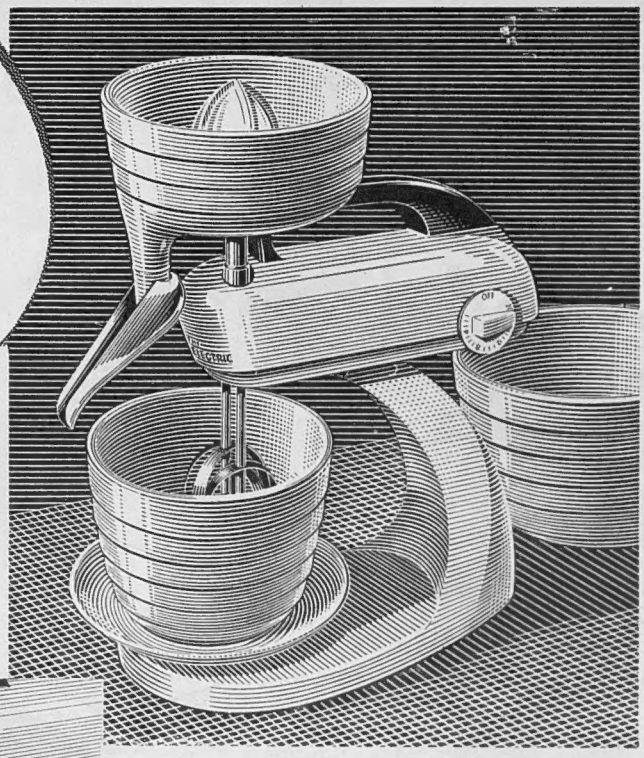

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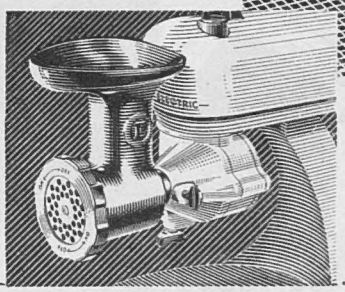

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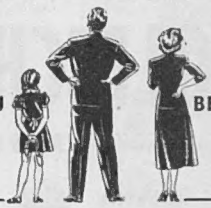

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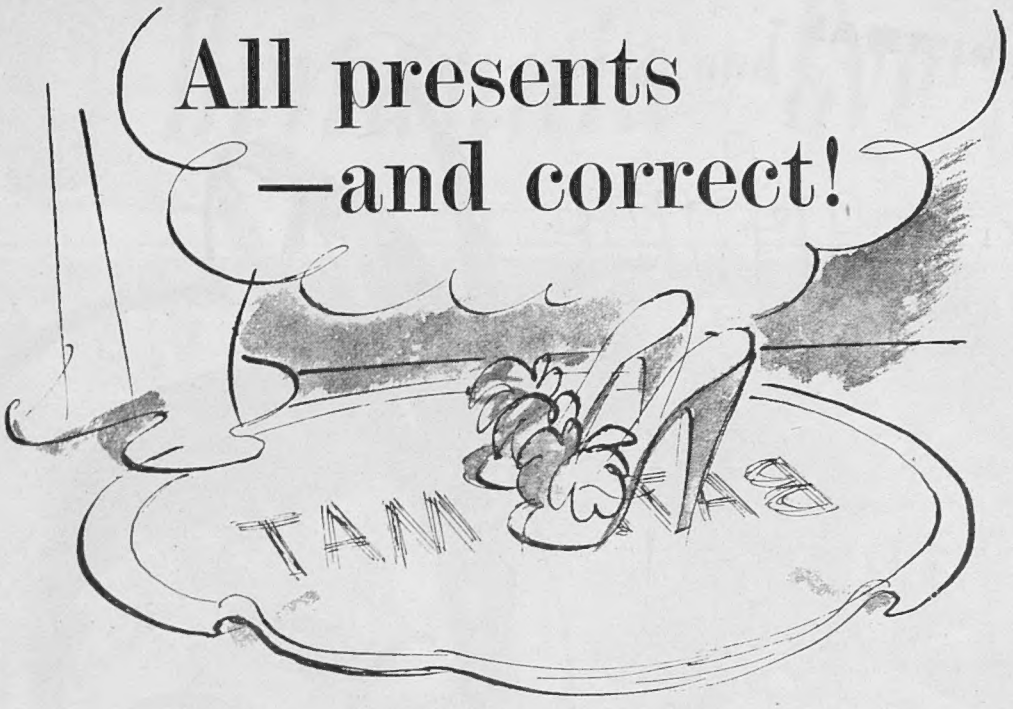

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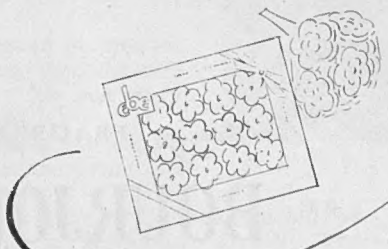

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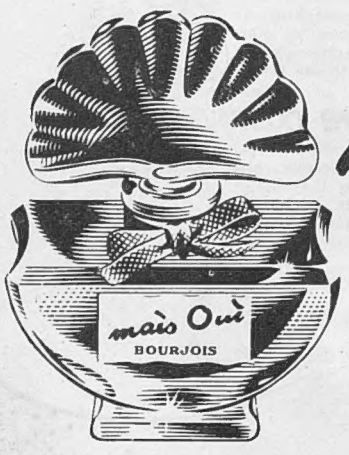

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After a while Steve said: "Do you like living in country like this?" Martha replied: "I was born in country like this"

GIRL OF THE OUTBACK

BY JON CLEARY

THE gig drew up and the dust following on enveloped it. Martha squinted her eyes against the brown cloud and waited for it to settle. Then she looked at the tall, lean-faced man standing by the steps of the small wayside platform.

"You 're Stephen Frazer," she said. "Have you been waiting long?"

"About ten minutes." He had a deep, pleasant voice, not flat and dry like those of the men here in the outback. "The train was a little ahead of time, I think."

"I'm Martha Roberts." He 's even better-looking than his photographs, she thought. Every inch the popular playboy. "I keep house for your mother."

"Oh, yes," he said. "She mentioned you in her letter."

She looked down at the two bags he lifted into the sulky. "Is that all your luggage?"

"That 's all."

"Aren't you staying?"

"Yes. But I shan't need my glad rags out here."

She looked at him for a moment, then she said quietly: "No, you won't need those."

"Where 's the car?" he said as she swung the horse about.

"I can't drive." But she handled the horse like a stockman, casually and capably. "We couldn't spare a man to come down and pick you up."

He smiled, and she thought: I 've seen that smile before. In the Sunday papers, always smiling at some girl. "No, I guess I 'm not that important," he said.

"I didn't say that, Mr. Frazer." She knew her voice was unreasonably sharp, but she couldn't help it; she had felt this resentment against him for too long, and now they had finally met it was bound to come out.

He was looking about him as they drove up the road. "It 's dry enough."

"Yes," she said. "This is the eighth month now without water. We 're living on bore water."

"It 's been pretty dry down in Sydney."

"We read about that," she said. "People couldn't water their lawns."

She felt him look at her at that one. After a while he said: "Do you like living in country like this?"

"I was born in country like this."

"So was I. Right in the house where we 're going now. But that doesn't make me like this sort of country."

"He can think what he likes about it," she thought. "I love it, even as it is." The country was bare and brown to the line of low hills that met the sky, and even the sky seemed to have absorbed some of the brownness. There were a few trees, but they were just thin, mocking traceries against the glare, throwing only the black, twisted shadows of their trunks and bare branches. There was no life at all in the paddocks: they stretched away like the barren landscape of a dream, but the reality of them was more terrifying than any dream: you couldn't avoid this slow death by just coming awake. All you could do was remember how it had once been and pray it would be like that again.

They turned up along the side road leading to the homestead. It stood on top of a hill, thin trees like scarecrows about it, a dark patch between the glare of the hill and the blazing Australian sky. They went up between fences that leaned drunkenly in the eroded soil.

Ellen Frazer was waiting for them on the wide verandah, thin and almost lifeless-looking, as if, like the trees, she too had wilted under the dust and heat. "Hello, Steve," she said. "It 's good to have you home."

One of the aborigine stockmen took the sulky on down to the yards. Martha crossed the verandah, opened the fly-door, and waited for the mother and son

to go in ahead of her. The living-room was a cool, dark cave after the glare of the paddocks outside. Martha went out to the kitchen and brought back cold drinks.

"How are you?" Steve said to his mother.

"I'm all right," Ellen said, but Martha knew the real answer was in the tired eyes and the droop of the mouth. "You look well."

"It's the city life," he said, and the words fell with a thud into the quiet room. He hurried on: "But I'm damn glad to be home."

"Dad would've been happy to see you here."

"Maybe I should've come home while he was still alive."

"Maybe." Ellen Frazer looked across the room at the photograph of the big, dark man with the lines of work carved in his face. "I think he understood. He would've been a gay spark himself in his young days. Only we couldn't afford it then."

Martha, sitting quietly by the window saw the pale reflection of Steve in the glass of the photograph, superimposed on his father. A gay spark: house parties at Palm Beach, dancing at Prince's, the races at Randwick; his photograph in the Sunday papers, the eligible young wool-broker and grazier. That was what he was, a gay spark, and she liked him no more now than when she had met him twelve months ago in the photographs Ellen had shown her. She got up quickly and went out of the room, leaving the mother and son to the reunion that was a strain upon both of them.

Later, as she was preparing lunch in the big kitchen, she heard them talking in the hall.

"That Martha," she heard him say. "Where does she come from?"

"Camooweal," Ellen said. "Her people had a small property up there before they died. But she'd been in Sydney for two years before she came here."

"You'd never know it to look at her," Steve said.

Martha pushed against the door of the kitchen and went into the dining-room. In a moment Ellen came into the room and began to help lay the table.

"What do you think of him, Martha?"

"He's nice-looking," Martha said. "I can see why the girls in Sydney went for him."

"Do you like him?" Ellen was paying great attention to the setting of the table.

Martha looked at her for a moment, then she said: "I could only tell you that if he stayed. Do you think he will?"

Ellen laid a knife on the table with the air of a woman laying her last franc on the gaming table. "I don't know, Martha. I'm his mother, but I just don't know."

Before she served lunch Martha went into her room and stripped off the shirt and trousers she had worn down to the railway. She washed in the basin on the old-fashioned marble-topped washstand, put on a pink linen frock, simply cut but flattering to her figure, then stood for a moment looking at herself in the long mirror of the wardrobe. She wasn't beautiful, she knew that, but she had never had trouble getting dates while she'd been in the city. "*She spent two years in Sydney,*" his mother had said. "*You'd never know it,*" he'd said. Martha grimaced in the mirror, pulled the linen frock tight across her bosom, and went out to serve lunch.

TOM McINNES, the foreman, didn't eat with the stockmen but always here in the house. He was a small, dried-up man with a rasping voice who had worked for the Frazers for fifteen years. Martha could hear him in the dining-room now.

"Glad to see you back, Steve. How's the city?"

Martha carried the food into the dining-room. She caught Steve staring at her and she smiled, a spark blowing across the smoke of her eyes.

"Something wrong, Mr. Frazer?"

"Nothing at all. Matter of fact, things are looking up. And call me Steve."

"Easy with the words, ain't he?" McInnes said to Ellen. "Them city girls polished him up all right."

"You old goat," Steve said. He had changed into a white shirt and riding breeches. "What do you know about the city girls?"

"Oh, we used to see your picture in the Sunday papers. With a different girl every time. Pretty, they was, too. But a bit fine for me. I like 'em with a bit more flesh on 'em, m'self. Like Martha here."

"Thanks, Tom," Martha said. "When I'm in the market I'll let you put in an early bid."

Steve said: "Isn't a good-looking girl like you always in the market?"

She looked at him steadily as she set a plate down in front of him. "No," she said, and went out to the kitchen.

Behind her she heard Ellen say: "Take it easy, Steve. Martha's not one of your city girls."

In the early afternoon she was in the kitchen preparing vegetables for the evening meal, when Steve came out to her. "Tom was going to ride up with me to see the sheep. But now he can't come—a couple of the horses need looking after. Would you like to come, or is it too hot?"

Martha put down her peeling-knife. "I'm used to this heat. I've been putting up with it for quite a while."

She went inside and changed. When she came out Ellen was on the verandah and McInnes was standing at the bottom of the steps with two horses. Steve was coming along the verandah from his room. He was wearing sun-glasses.

"You got sore eyes?" McInnes said.

"No," Steve said. He moved across to help Martha, but she had already mounted.

"Why the specs, then?" McInnes said.

Steve grinned. "It's a city habit, Tom."

McInnes shook his head. "Sydney's done something to you. I think you got soft."

Steve looked at both of them and Martha waited for him to take offence.

Illustrations by S. Tresilian.

But all he said was: "You reckon I should throw them away?"

"You don't wanna scare the sheep to death," McInnes said. "You look like your face don't belong to you."

Steve took off the glasses and tossed them into the withered shrubs by the steps; there was a faint tinkle as they broke. "How 's that?"

"You look more like a bush bloke now," McInnes said. "More like the bloke we used to know. Don't he, Mum?"

"Yes," Ellen said. "He looks almost the image of his dad."

Then she turned and went quickly inside and for a moment there was a brittle silence. Then Steve climbed slowly on to his horse and he and Martha turned out of the yard. They went down the hill and across the paddocks, moving at a slow trot.

"You still know how to sit a horse," Martha said.

"I haven't lost the knack. I used to go riding every Sunday morning."

"With one of the girls from the photographs?"

"Yeah, a different one every Sunday." His voice was almost curt, then abruptly he had changed the conversation. "What have they been doing for the sheep?"

"Tom has been taking them up into the foothills. He 's been keeping them up there near the creek that runs down from Jackson's spring. It 's not quite dry yet, but it won't be long."

"How soon?"

"I don't know. Three weeks at the outside. It isn't even trickling now. Just lying there in the sun, drying up."

"Where are the others?"

"Over around the billabong. That 's nearly dry, too."

"What happens when everything dries up? What about the bore water down around Bungally?"

"Tom 's thought of that. If the worst comes to the worst, it 's our only chance. But it 's a bad drive for weak sheep."

They turned along the high bank of the river. Their shadows rode the riverbed, running over dry boulders and bright white sand and dead logs and no water—no water at all. They climbed, and soon they were passing through timber that broke the white glare on the ground into distorted patterns of blackness and sun, the death of the trees reflected on the ground in which they grew.

Then the ground dipped sharply and the water-hole lay in front of them. About it the sheep were clustered in a grey-brown listless mob, some lying, others standing, but all with the same thin, thirsty look, dust rimming their eyes and thick in their coats and nostrils.

Martha sat her horse silently beside Steve as he stared down at the sheep and the almost dry water-hole. She could almost sense the anger growing in him, then abruptly he wheeled his horse.

"Come on," he snapped. "I 've seen enough."

They rode down out of the hills along the river bank toward home.

"You think I should have come home sooner?" he said.

"You couldn't have stopped the drought."

Martha sat her horse silently beside Steve as he stared down at the sheep and the almost dry water-hole. She could almost sense the anger growing in him, then abruptly he wheeled his horse.

"Come on," he snapped. "I've seen enough"

" I didn't want to come home. Did my mother tell you that ? "

" No. But I guessed you didn't. You would 've come back as soon as you got out of the Army, if you *had* wanted to come home. Four years is a long time, just for sightseeing."

He was quiet for a while, then he angrily slapped the reins against his knee. " Hell, I wish some of you would see it my way ! What future is there for a man up here ? What sort of life is this for anyone, buried away where there is nothing to do but work, day in and day out, year after year ? Look at my father—he was fifty before he could afford his first holiday. Is there anything wrong with wanting to enjoy yourself while you 're young ? "

" There 's no need to shout. We aren't in a city street." Then she said very quietly : " It just seems a pity to see this property going for sale after your father spent so long building it up. Your mother won't be able to keep it going much longer on her own. And Tom 's getting old."

After a moment Steve said : " You know just where to land the punches, don't you ? "

She looked at him. " I didn't think you could be hurt."

" What do you mean by that ? "

But she had kicked her horse into a gallop and Steve rode in her dust all the way home.

THAT evening she and Ellen were sitting out on the verandah. The sun had gone, but light still hung in the sky, gathered there like a bleaching from the day's heat.

" How did you get on with Steve this afternoon ? " Ellen said. " He seemed pretty quiet at tea."

" I think I trod on his toes. I couldn't help it, Ellen. He just annoyed me with some of the things he said."

" About coming back here ? " Ellen rocked herself in her chair for a few moments. " I still don't know if I did the right thing when I asked him to come home. I don't know if I was fair to him. Do you think I was ? "

But before Martha had to answer the fly-door opened and Steve came out on to the verandah. " Tom said good-night. He 's gone to bed."

" Have you decided anything about the sheep ? " Ellen said.

" Not yet. I 'll wait a couple of days. Just till I get a full picture of how things stand."

The rocking-chair stopped creaking as his mother sat still. " Have you made up your mind to stay ? "

Martha felt him look at her first, but she kept gazing down across the paddocks. Then he said : " For a while, anyway."

" Well, we 'll be glad to have you here," Ellen said. " Won't we, Martha ? "

Martha looked at Ellen, then back at him. " Yes," she said. " We 'll be glad to have him."

The three of them talked for an hour or more, till the moon came red over the land. Then the rocking-chair creaked as Ellen stood up. " I think I 'll go to bed. There 's supper in the kitchen if you want it. Late suppers are a city habit, aren't they, Steve ? "

" Yes," he said, as if he were amused rather than on the defensive now. " There are a lot of bad city habits."

He stood up and kissed his mother. She turned, said good-night to Martha and went inside. Steve sat down on the step below Martha. He looked up at her, gazing steadily at her for almost a full minute, brazenly and speculatively. She looked back at him, recognising the stare and sure that she could handle him if he tried anything. Then he leaned back against the verandah-post, letting his breath go through his teeth as he relaxed.

" Something the matter ? " she said.

" Just my indigestion."

She smiled. " Late city suppers ? "

" All right. So I like the city. But you aren't making it any easier for me back here, digging me all the time about city life."

" I didn't think I 'd made such an impression on you, to make any difference one way or the other. Not after some of the girls I 've seen you with in the papers."

" There you go again. And how do you know so much about them ? Don't tell me you wasted your time in Sydney reading the social pages ? "

" I had better things to do. Your mother 's kept all the photographs, though."

" H'm. How many ? "

" I don't know. A couple of dozen, I suppose. Every one with a different girl."

He grinned. " I never realised there were that many. I got around, didn't I ? "

" Don't tell me you didn't have a little red book ? "

" It was green. Sure, I had their names and 'phone numbers. But I never did any book-keeping to count them."

" It must be nice, just being one on a long list."

" Look, I'm not (*Continued on page 76.*)

Half-crying and half-laughing, Martha went running into Steve's arms.

" Darling," he said, holding her shivering, wet body against him, " I 'm going to stay. I 'd have stayed anyway "

On Christmas Eve, 1927, a blizzard swept across southern England and a white Christmas was no dreaming matter. (*On left*) A keeper of Lincoln's Inn Fields sweeping a path through the grounds. (*Below*) Cutting through a snowdrift in Coldharbour Lane, Reigate, Surrey

When Cannes on the sunny Riviera was under a foot-deep mantle of snow. This view was taken during the Christmas of 1927

Dreaming Of A White Christmas

By Guy Livingston

IF Nature's time-honoured signs are to be relied on, we are in for a hard winter. Two months ago experts were already noting Arctic ivory gulls in Stornoway, prematurely southbound lapwings, cattle putting on early winter coats, acorn-laden oak trees, prolific hawthorn and rowan berries, and other pointers—and drawing the worst conclusions. But even if they are right, a nice, old-fashioned white Christmas, the kind that Irving Berlin dreamed of in the sunshine (or should it be smog?) of southern California, is probably not for us.

The truth is that hard winters in Britain do not often mean snow at Christmas. Far more commonly they bring ice, frost, biting winds and occasional blizzards in January, February or March. Not for Britons are the ruddily glowing December cheeks pictured in the Christmas cards, but rather the blue noses whipped up by the New Year nor'-easter blowing straight from the Russian steppes.

However frequent snowy Christmases may once have been in this country, the cold fact is that in the last 100 years they have been rare. To check on the "white Christmas" belief, a recent Astronomer Royal looked into the Greenwich records and found that, in a period of eighty-three years, snow had fallen twice on Christmas Eve, six times on Christmas Day and ten times on Boxing Day. And over this time there were seventy-three consecutive years when Greenwich had no Christmas Eve snow at all. Alas for the old tradition.

NOT that snow is nowadays very plentiful (in the southern part of the country at least) during the rest of the winter. And as if to confound further the "white Christmas" idea, in many places it falls more often in March than in any other month. Northerly Balmoral gets about fifty snowy days a year, the Scilly Isles and a part of southern Ireland only about three. Kew has thirteen and Hampstead, standing slightly higher, gets rather more. Holyhead, on the west coast, has seven, while Yarmouth, on the east, has seventeen. In general, the amount of snowfall increases with height above sea level and distance from the west coast.

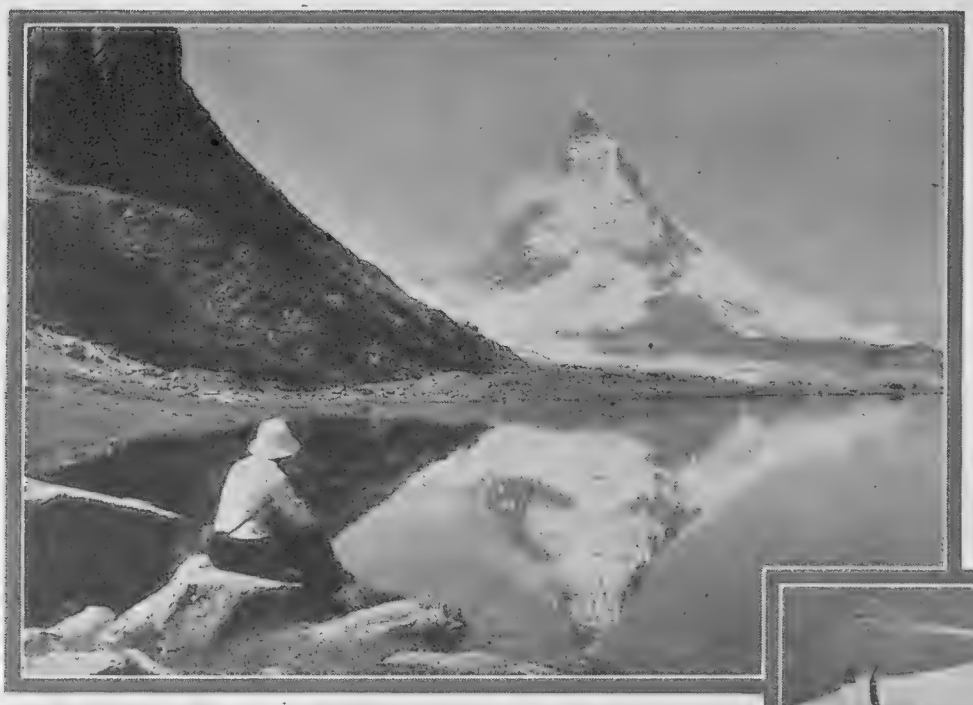
London, over the last 100 years has become warmer in winter (taking the average temperature) by about 2.5 degrees, the increase being from 38.5 to almost 41 degrees. But general warming-up or not, weather experts predict that after a run of three mild winters the odds are now heavily on a cold one for Britain—but ("white Christmas" enthusiasts please note) probably not until the New Year.

BRITAIN'S winters are usually so mild, comparatively speaking, that when we do get a cold one we think ourselves ill-treated. The fact is that onshore westerly or south-westerly winds, coming to us over thousands of miles of water warmed by the Gulf Stream, normally give us a winter climate much more genial than our latitude warrants. Compare, for instance, the severe winters of eastern Continental countries on the same latitude—or of New England, 700 miles south of us on the other side of the Atlantic.

But these westerly winds are not the only factors in Britain's winter climate. They are sometimes displaced by the cold north-easterly winds that blow outwards from the Polar air-mass or from a Continental anti-cyclone. When this happens the mercury shoots down and we get winter weather with a sting in it, the kind that would normally be ours but for the benign influence of the Atlantic. This happened three times running in 1939–40, 1940–41 and 1941–42. It happened again in the early months of 1947.

Such weather may be our lot this winter; for the records show that after a long spell of south-westerly weather, such as we have had this year, the wind switches and blows from the east. This is caused by the south-westerly air-stream carrying more warm Atlantic water into the (*Continued on page 76*)

Icy Peaks



(*On left*) The Matterhorn. On a shoulder of this peak, 12,000 feet up, the Italians have established a cosmic station. It is a small prefabricated aluminium hut anchored to the ice-bound rock with steel ropes to withstand the ferocious blizzards

The small hut which the Italians have established in the Alps for cosmic ray observation. Standing at the entrance is Professor Patrick Blackett of Manchester University and Nobel Prize winner

SCIENCE is going up in the world. Physics and astrophysics, the natural sciences which have taken the public imagination in these atomic times, are moving to the mountain tops where the air is calmer and clearer—especially in winter—when it isn't shrouded in snowflakes or blowing blizzards.

Men working on the new frontier of explosive force must get up as high as they can to study the sun's corona and cosmic rays, those mysterious particles which are for ever bombarding the earth, and it is no use going up in aircraft. Far higher though they could soar in a "labplane" (and there are such things as laboratory aeroplanes) they could not take their apparatus weighing many tons, nor command that utter stillness which is so imperative.

Professors Piccard and Max Cosyns tried the aerial ascent way eighteen years ago, when they went up 32,000 feet over the Dolomites in a "labsphere" attached to a balloon. It was then that we first heard of cosmic rays. But it was all too cramped and shaky in their swinging gondola for the functioning of fine instruments, to say nothing of the acute perils which over-occupied their minds.

Instead, scientists will hibernate this Christmas in the Pyrenees, the Swiss Alps, the Rockies, in new-fangled fortresses in the clouds, precursors of others to come. They are, as you might say, the new monks of the mountain top, taking on as the Brothers of St. Bernard close down. And Britain has the honour of being represented by the leading new "monk," Professor Blackett, Nobel Prize winner and accepted "first cosmician" in the world. He opts for the Pic du Midi in the Central Pyrenees.

After fifteen years at Manchester University he took his laboratory up to the top of the Pic before last winter set in, having observed that there were seven or eight times more cosmic particles up there—9,000 feet—than at sea level, and that nowhere else was to be found such atmospheric purity and serenity. As it was out of the question to use the aerial cable linking the summit with the village of Gripp far away below, for hauling up his apparatus, chiefly magnet pieces weighing eleven tons, an inclined plane was contrived up the east slope of the mountain.

This enabled a truck to cover the last, almost sheer, 600 feet. Teams of eight working in relays put the apparatus, bit by bit, into the truck prior to winding hour after hour. One of the men was the grandson of a porter who climbed the mountain five thousand times on foot during the twenty years while the original observatory was being built. Everything had to be man-borne in those days, a weight of 120 lb. carried in a basket on the back. Even so, those hardy Pyrenean porters, a thousand of them, managed the climb in six hours

To-day anything within reason can be brought up by aerial cable from the world below in a matter of forty minutes. The French call these things by the pretty name of *téléférique* and this one, stretching to a length of four miles, took six years to build. It was only completed after the war, and meanwhile a still more ambitious project had been undertaken. Last year was completed an electric cable twelve miles long and buried four feet deep, by which all the power that even a Professor Blackett can require, is available from the grid far below.

Professor Enrico Fermi

Atomic scientist and Nobel prize winner. Driven from Italy under Fascism he took refuge in the United States, who have established a permanent cosmic ray station on the summit of one of Colorado's 14,000-ft. peaks

The original stone structure with walls seven feet thick is still the living quarters of the permanent staff of ten under the young astrophysicist, M. Roech, creator of what has come to be recognized as Europe's, if not the world's, No. 1 cosmic station. With him are M. Taule, "secretary of the Pic" for twenty-six years past, three of the same designation as M. Roesch, two "met" men, an electrician, and two domestic helps (male).

Work proceeds under three main heads.

The Pic leads in observing and photographing the sun's corona, which is done from cannon-like contraptions pointing at the skies from inside cupolas. They are the coronagraphs invented in 1930 at the Pic, specially designed telescopes which produce artificial eclipse conditions by blacking out direct sunlight, and so permit continuous checking of the height and intensity of the gigantic eruptions of flames thrown off by the solar corona.

Of Science

Many Scientists Will Hibernate This Christmas In The Pyrenees, The Swiss Alps And The American Rockies, In New-Fangled Fortresses In The Clouds

By Ferdinand Tuohy

This gaseous glow has an influence on the propagation of short waves at high altitude and the Pic is able to say some days ahead what these perturbations are likely to be. As they deeply affect the weather, the Pic issues a daily "met" bulletin at 3 p.m. through Radio Toulouse, and has earned the honour of being more precise and useful than any of the four other stations in the world on the same job. In particular all the big aircraft companies look to the Pic for information on likely radio-liaison with their long-distance planes. For that matter, the Pic interests the whole field of wireless communication.

Next comes astronomy. There is no sky like a clear winter one above the Pyrenees — maybe Mediterranean luminosity has something to do with it—and M. Roesch has a telescope, not so big as the Americans use, but which, he claims, produces finer images of the stellar heavens in which, among other things, those invisible, highly penetrating particles, the cosmic rays, may be born—somewhere out in the Milky Way, it has been thought possible.

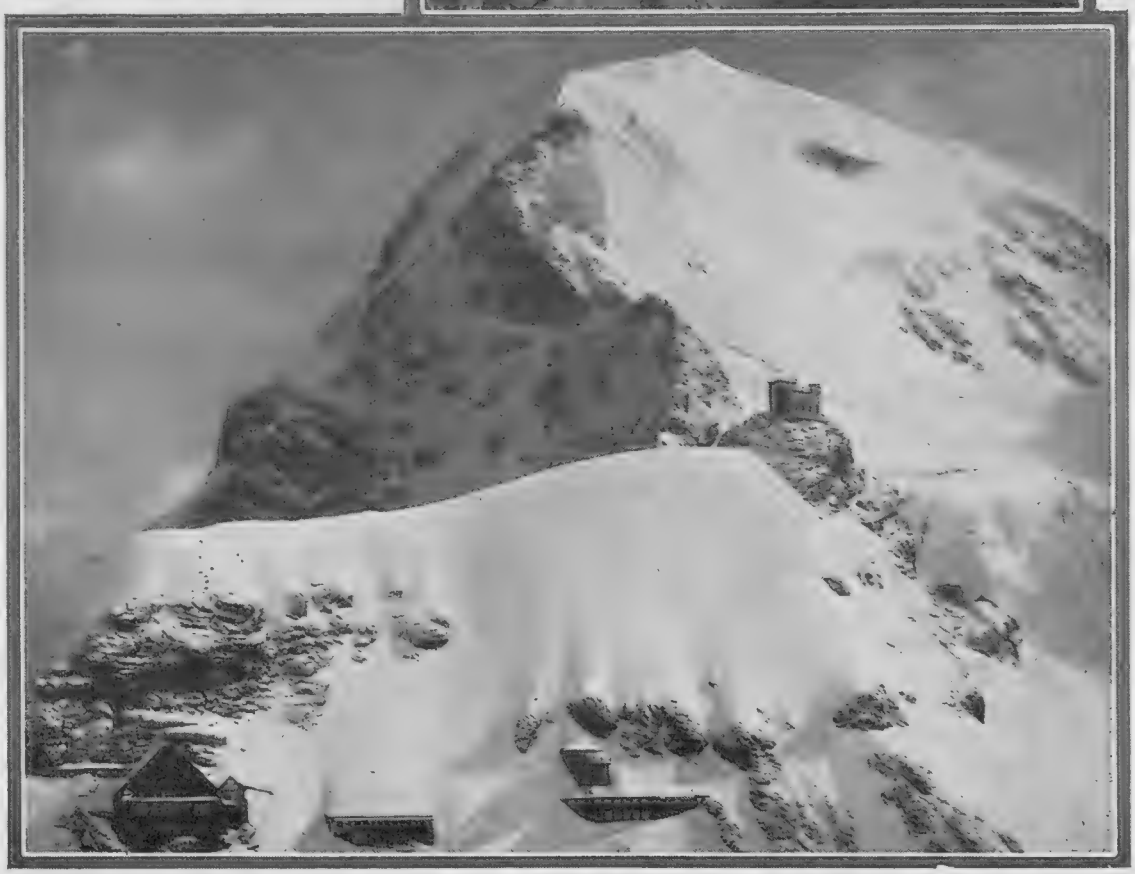
Their speed approximates that of light, their radiation can be compared to that of the stars by night. In bombarding the earth, these cosmic rays also take on the atom—and bust it. One of the prize pieces on the Pic is a cyclotron which serves artificially to accelerate particles in bombarding the atom, but these particles are definitely slower than cosmic rays, and that's where Professor Blackett comes in. He thinks he's got the apparatus to zip them up a bit. Anyway, he and Professor Cosyns have decided to install themselves on the Pic.

Both these nuclear scientists (*Continued on page 66*)

Professor Patrick Blackett Awarded the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1948

Professor Max Cosyns who will work with Professor Blackett on the Pic du Midi

(*Below*) The Pic du Midi in the Central Pyrenees where Professor Blackett, accepted "first cosmician" in the world, will, with Professor Max Cosyns, spend some time this winter at the observatory 9,000 feet up. This is recognized as Europe's, if not the world's, No. 1 cosmic station. The sun's corona is observed and photographed and a daily "met" bulletin is issued at 3 p.m. through Radio Toulouse, which has earned the honour of being more precise and useful than any of the four other stations in the world on the same job



(*On right*) The Jungfraujoch showing the research station and observatory where teams of scientists from Manchester and Bristol Universities under Professors Newth and Powell have booked accommodation for part of the winter from Professor de Muralt, director of the Jungfraujoch research station

Christmas dinner on board ship with the captain in Stuart days

Salt Water Christmas

By C. Fox Smith.

"SAILORS nowadays," observed Captain Bowline, "don't know they're born. Except, of course, when there's a war on. . . .

"Take Christmas, for instance. . . . To-day, it's nearly enough to start a mutiny if you don't serve the hands out a dinner as good as they'd get ashore—and a dashed sight better than we ever used to get in the cabin in the windjammer days. But when I first went to sea in squaresail, we thought ourselves lucky if we got a Christmas dinner at all, very often. Off the Horn, with the galley fire flooded out, and no chance of a warm meal for days on end . . . perhaps seeing your Christmas dinner, such as it was, disappearing over the side into the South Atlantic to be seen no more! And then the cooking! Sea cooks nowadays, I believe, learn their trade like anybody else, and they can't sign on without producing their diplomas and what-have-you. But in my time the 'doctor,' or 'old Slush' as we called him, if we didn't call him something a good deal more unparliamentary, was generally some fellow who wasn't any good for anything else, so he got signed on as cook. And my goodness, the stuff he turned out! 'Grub-spoiler,' that was another name for him. And didn't he deserve it? I remember one Christmas pudding ours produced, and jolly proud he was of it, too. A heavy, hard, great lump of indigestibility, greyish in colour, and with one or two raisins shouting to one another across the wide spaces of suet and flour that separated 'em—shades of Dickens!"

NEVERTHELESS, even in the days of harness-beef and hard-tack, the seaman generally did something to mark out Christmas Day from its fellows. Parson Teonge, that jovial sky-pilot of Stuart days, gives a pleasant glimpse of the Christmas spirit on board one of His Majesty's ships.

"Christmas Day wee keepe thus. At four in the morning our trumpeters all doe flatt their trumpetts, and begin at our Captain's cabin, and thence to all the officers' and gentlemen's cabins; playing a levite at each cabine doore, and bidding good morrow, wishing a merry Christmas. After they got to their station, viz. on the poope, and sound three levitts in honour of the morning. At ten wee goe to prayers and sermon; text, Zacc. ix., 9. Our Captain had all his officers and gentlemen to dinner with him where wee had excellent good fayre; a ribb of beefe, plumb-puddings, minct pies, etc., and plenty of good wines of severall sorte; dranke health to the King, to our wives and friends; and ended the day with much civill mirth!"

It is to be hoped that the rest of the ship's company, including the sounders of the "levitts," had some share in the good cheer, and that the mainbrace was duly spliced for their benefit.

The King's ships seem always to have recognized the festive season more fully than those of the merchant service, though the pleasant custom which prevails to-day, in accordance with which the ship's officers wait upon the lower deck's Christmas dinner, appears to be a comparatively recent innovation. But, whatever the shortcomings or otherwise of the Yuletide menu, in both services the season did not fail of musical celebration. It is doubtful whether any "levitts" were ever performed in square-rigged merchantmen. One trembles to think what reception such a seasonable greeting on the part of the ship's "foo-foo" band, complete with mouth-organs, combs, jew's harps, and other such improvised orchestral instruments, might have called forth from a bucko mate aroused from his beauty-sleep by its jovial cacophonies.

But, except on occasions when wind and weather forbade, a Christmas sing-song was seldom omitted, when all kinds of lengthy and generally dolorous ballads—such, for instance, as the highly moral history of "the young sailor cut off in his prime"—were (*Continued on page* 88)

The old hymns and carols rose from the crowded quarters in which the singers were voyaging to the new Promised Land

The Real Thing

In The Moment Of Dire Peril, A Little Courage Stood Frank Hogarth In Good Stead

By Jan Saakse

HE had left his leather jacket open at the top, and the air reached for Frank Hogarth's chest with cold fingers. He coughed a little. He thought he was still lying on a canvas cot and that the rustling was the stirring of the tent flap. Then he heard the high note of the hyena, faintly. He shivered and opened his eyes. Now he knew where he was.

He sat up, leaning his long light body on his elbows.

"DO you always shoot lions from platforms?" asked Frank Hogarth

"So you're awake now," a man said. The voice was rock-hard.

"Looks like it." It was really quite chilly. The night was ending but it was not yet day. "How long have I been asleep?"

"You've been snoring for hours."

"No," said the girl. There was a soft ripple to her voice. "Not that bad, Alec Coleman."

The girl was sitting, knees up, under her own rug between the two men. Since sun-down and all through the night, the three of them had been perched high up on the platform in the tree near the water hole. The boys, who had brought up the guns and the blankets and the basket of food, had gone back to the camp that was pitched in the clearing next to the valley about a mile and a half back.

"I bet they could hear him all the way back to Nairobi." The big man with the hard voice who was Alec Coleman laughed as he spoke.

"You were just breathing a little heavily, Frank," said the girl.

"That's right," said Coleman. "Heavy enough to frighten away all the game."

"That could be a fisherman talking," said the girl. "You know you're exaggerating."

Coleman laughed again.

I must get used to that laugh, Frank Hogarth told himself. He wasn't going to let it irritate him any more.

"How about the lion?" he asked. "Did you hear any lion?"

"Not yet," said Coleman. "But don't worry. There'll still be lion."

They were all fully dressed. The girl wore a warm tweed coat and had a scarf around her neck. Coleman, like himself, had on a leather jacket. They all had rugs over them, and the blankets beneath them covered the roughness of the timbers slung together.

The water hole was about fifty yards off. Frank Hogarth could not see it. It was hidden by the clump of thorn trees and undergrowth and in any case the light was still very bad. But the clear patch over to the left was like a table cloth spread in the middle of the tall grass. That was where they had pegged the carcass of the kudu as bait for the lion.

But was he really seeing that patch so clearly, or just imagining? For here these two were close beside him and it was too dark really to see them clearly. He could not see the leathery toughness that was in the man's face nor the pinkness of good living that showed over the cheekbones. But he could see in outline the bulk of the man. There was certainly plenty of him.

The girl, Eileen Delmore, he did not have to see. He could close his eyes and there she would be right in front of him. Like a painting in deep gold and delicate pink. Like a dream. The chestnut hair that was fine silk to the touch. The blue eyes laughing. The rounded face alive with fun and eagerness. He had fallen in love with her the first time she played opposite him in Hollywood, long before they even knew about this trip to Africa for the filming of *White Hunter's Saga;* and at one time he had been sure, but now he was no longer so sure. Both of them had known Coleman only a few weeks.

"Well, how do you like it?" Coleman asked the girl.

"I love it. It's thrilling. It's certainly different."

"You don't *have* to give it up. You know that."

"I know." The girl tossed her head. "I haven't forgotten what you've said."

"Mind there, Hogarth," Coleman said. "You'll be slipping off. You're right near the edge."

"Careful, Frank," Eileen said. "Do be careful."

Frank Hogarth swore under his breath and drew himself safely away from the edge of the platform. He put his hands together, tightly clenched over his knees till they hurt.

He could see, everything was working out like Coleman wanted it. He had a pretty good idea what Coleman was

really after, it wasn't just the lion. And here he was, himself playing right into the fellow's hands.

Even when they were climbing into the tree last evening, Frank Hogarth made a fool of himself. Who'd have thought there were so many angles to such a simple-looking thing as getting up a rope ladder? In no time he was all tangled up and Coleman, nearly doubled up laughing, came down off the platform to untie him. Eileen was laughing and even the boys were laughing.

"Long time since these boys have had so much fun," Coleman said after he had set him free. Frank Hogarth had a pretty fair hunch it wasn't the custom for the boys to laugh at white folks, but Coleman didn't say anything to them.

Now it was becoming lighter. Over above the hills beyond the bush the sky was silvering a little.

Coleman said to him, "What do *you* think? Don't you think it's different?"

"Different?" said Frank Hogarth.

"Different from the films." Coleman grinned at him, his strong white teeth showing.

"That's right. It isn't like the films."

"I mean, it's the real thing. That's what I mean."

"I've got a pretty good idea what you mean," said Frank Hogarth.

One thing about a film, there is always the right kind of ending. There you could be sure about the happy ending. But up here in the tree and himself now needing only a tail to feel really like a monkey, you couldn't be sure about anything, never mind the ending. He didn't want to think about it too much.

In the film he, Frank Hogarth the White Hunter, the Bwana Mkubwa, had raised his rifle and killed the lion and then had taken Eileen into his arms. Just like that. Everything had gone off very well and agreeably and even the old lion behaved like a perfect gentleman. It was a trained lion they had rented and had sent up from Pagel's Circus in Johannesburg. When Frank Hogarth pulled the trigger that fired the blank cartridge, the lion obligingly rolled over, his four paws up in the air, and he lay quite still right up to the time they dug him in the ribs and put him back into his cage again.

DURING the filming, every sun-up for three weeks they motored out from Nairobi to the Ngong Hills, returning in the evenings in time for the sundowners. Alec Coleman owned the farm on which the scenes were shot, and that was how they met him. He was exceedingly wealthy and owned farms near Nakuru and Nanyuki and goodness only knew where he didn't also own farms.

Frank Hogarth didn't notice how much Alec Coleman became a part of their crowd until near the very end. Here in Kenya every man seemed to hunt lions by day and women by night. For looks, of course, Eileen must have seemed to them a Helen of Troy.

It was only that day when they were sitting at lunch under the electric fans of the New Stanley Hotel that he particularly noticed Alec Coleman. Coleman was like a chess master, every time he made a move he was seeing the next five or six ahead.

The filming had been completed the day before, and there were just the three of them there, Coleman, Eileen and himself. The rest of the players were out rushing around the shops, curio hunting. At every table eyes were turned towards Eileen. The tall waiters in their red fezes and white shammas were noiselessly placing the iced drinks and the hot plates in front of them.

Coleman said to Eileen, "How about a real lion hunt?"

"That would be simply marvellous. But, of course, we're booked to leave to-morrow evening." They were travelling back to America by plane.

"That's nothing," said Coleman. "That can easily be changed. It may be a difference of a week. What's a couple of seats, anyway? That's no trouble."

Coleman chuckled and then leaned forward and looked at her. "Besides, I've practically laid on everything. How do you like that?"

"You *have?*" said Eileen.

"You'll never get the chance again for a real lion hunt. You'll be sorry all your life if you miss it."

"It sounds wonderful."

She turned to Frank Hogarth. "Don't you think so? What do you think, Frank?"

At first he did not know what to say. He didn't feel so wonderfully enthusiastic, that was one thing. It was all very well for Coleman. Hunting lions here was practically like killing mosquitoes, they were just bigger that was all, but everybody seemed to do it.

Then he looked at the girl and saw how it was with her and then he didn't feel like taking away what he saw in her face. Her eyes were full of excitement.

"Whatever you think," he told her.

"That's fine," said Coleman. "Then that's settled."

"We can cancel our travel arrangements? I mean, there'll be no trouble about getting a later plane?" Eileen asked.

"Leave that to me. I've got some say in these parts. Besides, you might like it so much, you might go back much later. But I'll fix everything." Coleman said to Frank Hogarth, "Naturally, you're included in the arrangements. You'll come along, too?"

Frank Hogarth looked at Coleman. He didn't know then all he was letting himself in for, but he did feel a vague uneasiness.

"Of course," Coleman said, "this'll be a lot different from the films. This will be real live lion."

"It's okay with me," said Frank Hogarth.

"You'll be quite safe in my hands." Coleman grinned and looked at the girl. "We'll take care nothing happens to the great White Hunter of the films, eh?"

"Count me in, anyway," said Frank Hogarth, a little irritably.

Illustrations by D. L. Wynne

So here they were now, up on the platform in the tree. The grey of the early morning was settling over everything. He could see the dark object that was the bait on the open patch in the grass. There were a few thorn trees scattered in the grass, some of them quite tall and sturdy. It didn't seem to him like too many animals had visited the water hole during the night. Perhaps there was another water hole somewhere around.

There was the scud of hooves and, where the water hole was, the swish of grass. Through the bushes and thorn trees they could not see what it was.

"Buck," said Coleman.

"What sort?" Frank Hogarth asked.

"Probably kudu. Sounded like just a couple of them. Anything else and there'd likely have been a mob."

"Look! Look! said the girl. "Dogs."

She pointed to the clearing in the tall grass. Two sandy-brown animals were at the baited kudu with their teeth. They could hear the *snip, snap, snap, snip* tearing of the flesh like the breaking of elastic.

"Jackals," said Coleman.

Frank Hogarth reached for the gun that lay at his side.

"No," said Coleman.

"Aren't you going to drive them away?"

"If there's lion, we'll only scare him off."

The two jackals lifted their heads and stood listening.

"Shssh!" *(Continued on page 86)*

THERE on the left of the open patch he saw the great yellow form rise out of the grass

The Circus Comes To Clown

International Artists Whose Art Makes Laughs In Any Country

By Richard Parsons

An assembly of mirth-makers who will make laughs at the Bertram Mills Circus. Note the varied make-up of these performers. There are many ways of painting an eyebrow and many variations of painting a red nose

(*On left*) Peter Morrissey, the sixteen-year-old Liverpool boy clown. Not standing on his head but in the middle of a standing somersault

"FOOL! Fool!" shrieked the crowd to the clumsy man in the circus ring.

And the modern clown, as we know him, was born.

But if we owe this debt of laughter to Tom Belling, who created the comical "Auguste" (silly fool) by accident, what of the present-day clowns whose antics are a main attraction at any Christmas circus? It is just eighty years ago that Belling, an acrobat in the Zirkus Renz, Berlin, put a wig on back-to-front and his coat on inside-out for an off-stage joke.

Seeing him, old Renz began to laugh, and pushed the surprised performer into the ring. Belling lost his balance and fell in the sawdust. Rising quickly to escape the hoots of laughter, he collided with a post and fell again. The roars of mirth re-doubled. Once more, seeking to turn and flee, the bewildered acrobat tripped against the ring master.

When at last he staggered from the Big Top to the shrill screams of "Auguste! Auguste!" he found he'd created a new circus character, achieved a better individual contract, and unleashed a never-ending source of happy laughter.

Not bad for one Englishman in a half-crown ginger wig!

This Christmas more than a million people—certainly not all children in age—will flock to see the circuses in Britain. From the spangled splendours of Olympia and Harringay in London to the humblest tented set-up on a small-town recreation field. They'll all want to see the stars in sawdust.

As the greatest showman on earth once said: "For a good circus you must have elephants and clowns. Or horses and clowns. The certainest thing—you got to have clowns!"

So let's go clowning. It looks easy. And that has worried the 200 clowns who play in the fifty-four British circuses. They consider this "easy look" attracts too many indifferent performers who are lowering the extremely high traditional standard of true clowning.

Led by Nicholai Poliakoff (the great Coco), Percy Huxter (premier "white-face" of the British circus) and Whimmy Walker (grandson of the famous Whimsical), the clowns, in a serious out-of-make-up moment, called for a special professional identity card. Only real clowns of known talent (*Continued on page* 71)

Coco, the famous "auguste" who has given merriment to countless numbers of children when he has buckets of water repeatedly poured over him

(*On right*) Geoffrey Nicolson, "Nikki," one of the drolls, who hails from Exeter, Devon. A clown tradition is that the white-face clown always enters the ring first, followed by the "augustes" and then the droll

The Man Who Made Christmas

Charles Dickens who, above all men, created for the delight of his age and posterity, the simple, devout, warm-hearted family Christmas.

Written by
ARNOLD WAREING.

Illustrations by
JACK MATTHEW.

CHRISTMAS morning, 1857, at Tavistock House, Bloomsbury. Peace, and goodwill to all men, hovering like a benediction over the London streets on this, the year's most hallowed, joyous day. And the man who had done more than any to make it a festival in millions of homes, waking on his narrow iron bedstead to a house of gloom and ghosts as inescapable as old Marley's in *A Christmas Carol.*

A Christmas Carol. . . . Why, only recently he had given its first public reading, to such an enthusiastic audience that he resolved there must be more. And what a Christmas that was, fourteen years ago, when Scrooge, Bob Cratchit and Tiny Tim touched the heart of a nation and the first edition melted in a day!

Writing it had wrought him to the highest emotional pitch. He had wept over it, laughed, and wept again . . . walked fifteen or twenty miles about the dark streets, pondering it, like a man possessed.

And that New Year's Eve children's party to celebrate it and the

Charles Dickens with his wife Kate, their four children and their little friends laughing and rollicking about a home which was decorated with holly and mistletoe

completion of *Martin Chuzzlewit*! Kate and the four children and their little friends, laughing and rollicking about a home decked with holly and mistletoe and tinselled decorations, bright with firelight and the aura of happiness, success, fame!

Whoever watched him then would have thought him "a country gentleman of independent property residing on a tiptop farm, with the wind blowing straight in my face every day." Yes, those were his words.

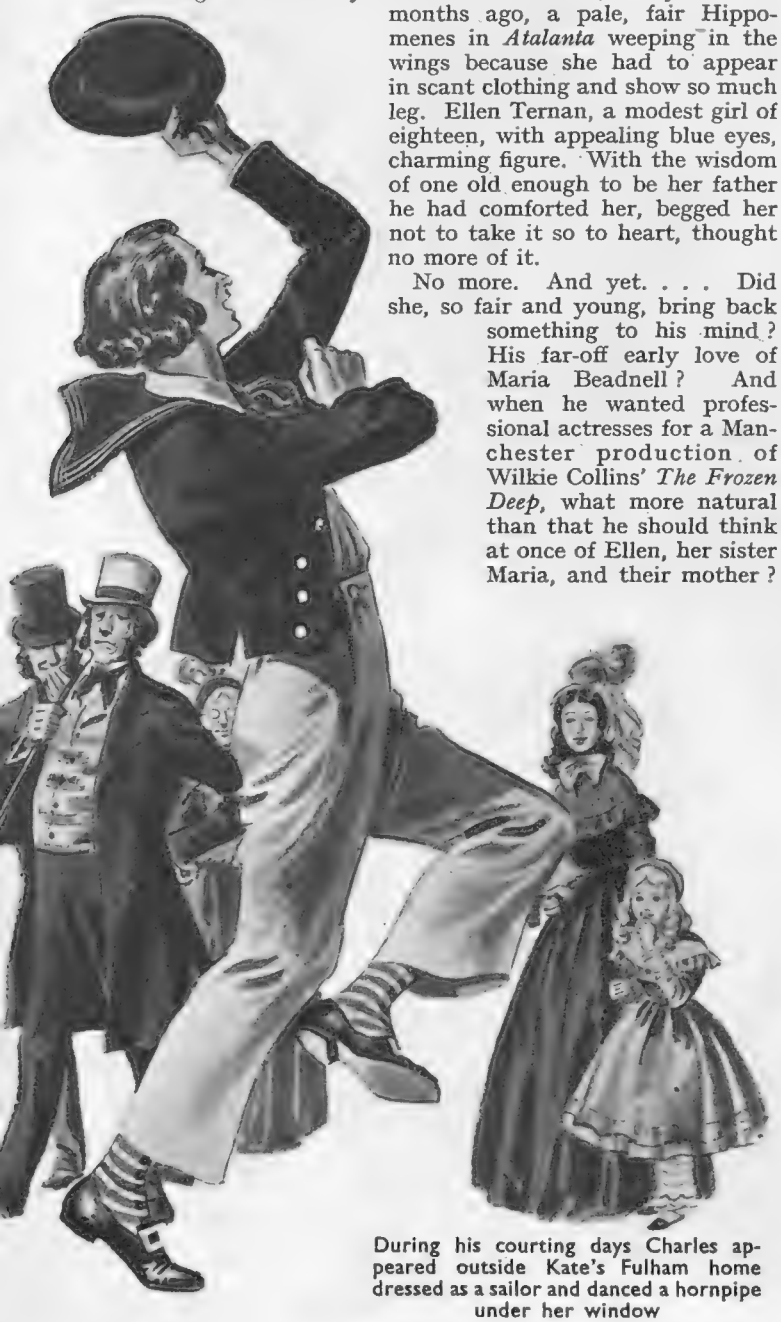
Kate and he had been married, then, only four years. Still green in his memory were their courting days, when he had appeared outside her Fulham home dressed as a sailor and danced a hornpipe under her window! Pretty she was, with a sleepy, voluptuous look, large, heavy-lidded blue eyes, red rosebud mouth and sweet smile. A mutual love of Scott's novels was one of the links which bound them. "Dear life," "Dearest mouse," he had called her. Hadn't Maclise been in love with her beauty and painted her?

Pickwick, his first great triumph. . . . The merry party bowling along the Dover Road for Christmas at Dingley Dell, stopping for tots of ale and brandy to keep out the frost binding the earth in its iron fetters, Mr. Pickwick's fingers so cold that it took him five minutes to find the sixpence to pay the innkeeper.

Yes, from the outset Christmas and all it could mean to simple, homely folk had shone like a lit shrine in his soul; a feast of kindliness, charity, universal brotherhood linking kin with kin, class with class, castle with hovel. And always he had kept it religiously, riotously, in his own home, with presents for everyone, a family board loaded with good fare, games and music and play-acting for the children—above all, play-acting, for he loved the theatre, and often went backstage to talk with the players.

Backstage. The Haymarket. And there, only a few months ago, a pale, fair Hippomenes in *Atalanta* weeping in the wings because she had to appear in scant clothing and show so much leg. Ellen Ternan, a modest girl of eighteen, with appealing blue eyes, charming figure. With the wisdom of one old enough to be her father he had comforted her, begged her not to take it so to heart, thought no more of it.

No more. And yet. . . . Did she, so fair and young, bring back something to his mind? His far-off early love of Maria Beadnell? And when he wanted professional actresses for a Manchester production of Wilkie Collins' *The Frozen Deep*, what more natural than that he should think at once of Ellen, her sister Maria, and their mother?



During his courting days Charles appeared outside Kate's Fulham home dressed as a sailor and danced a hornpipe under her window

To Tavistock House they came for rehearsals. Ellen was constantly there—in his study while he wrote, on the arm of his chair, singing duets with him at the schoolroom piano. Soon he was more than in love with her; he was infatuated—at forty-five. When the play came on at the Free Trade Hall in August, he electrified the audience with his performance as Wardour, one of the rival Polar heroes, who dies blessing the man he had wanted to kill and the heroine he had loved. He was young, young again, with youth's impassioned ardour.

And Kate, homely Kate, mother of his ten children in twenty-one years of marriage? Noticing the change in him, she bitterly resented the Ternan association, especially when Ellen, as Lucy, spoke this dialogue:

LUCY: . . . You have once or twice wondered why I am still a single woman. My dear, I shall always remain what I am now because the man I loved with all my heart is . . .

CLARE: Dead?

LUCY: Dead to me. Married. . . . I don't think he ever suspected how dearly I loved him.

There was a "scene" when Charles sent Ellen a bracelet, which fell into Kate's hands in error. She wanted to know why he was now buying jewellery for "that actress." One day the daughter, Katey, heard sobs in the bedroom, and found her mother in tears at the dressing-table, putting on a bonnet.

"Your father has asked me to go and see Ellen Ternan," she sobbed.

"You shall not go!" said Katey, stamping her foot.

But go she did, pocketing her pride, because Charles wished her to do so for appearances' sake, so that nothing should seem underhand in the Ellen Ternan friendship.

Was it on account of that friendship that he now thought seriously of a separation? No. It had merely helped to bring to a head a growing discord and hostility. Kate thought only of the home and children; she was no partner for a man with a public career. Think of her behaviour when they visited America! She hated the receptions, the continuous travelling. She had to be *dragged* from place to place, aided by a maid. That tour showed him her utter lack of resource, and it was on their return that her sister Georgina joined the family, virtually supplanting Kate in the direction of the household.

AFTER the Manchester production he asked Wilkie Collins to join him in a tour—*anywhere*. "I want to escape from myself," he said, "my misery is amazing." They went

With the wisdom of one old enough to be her father, Charles Dickens had comforted Ellen Ternan, a modest girl of eighteen, who was concerned as she had to appear in scant clothing and show so much leg, and begged her not to take it so to heart

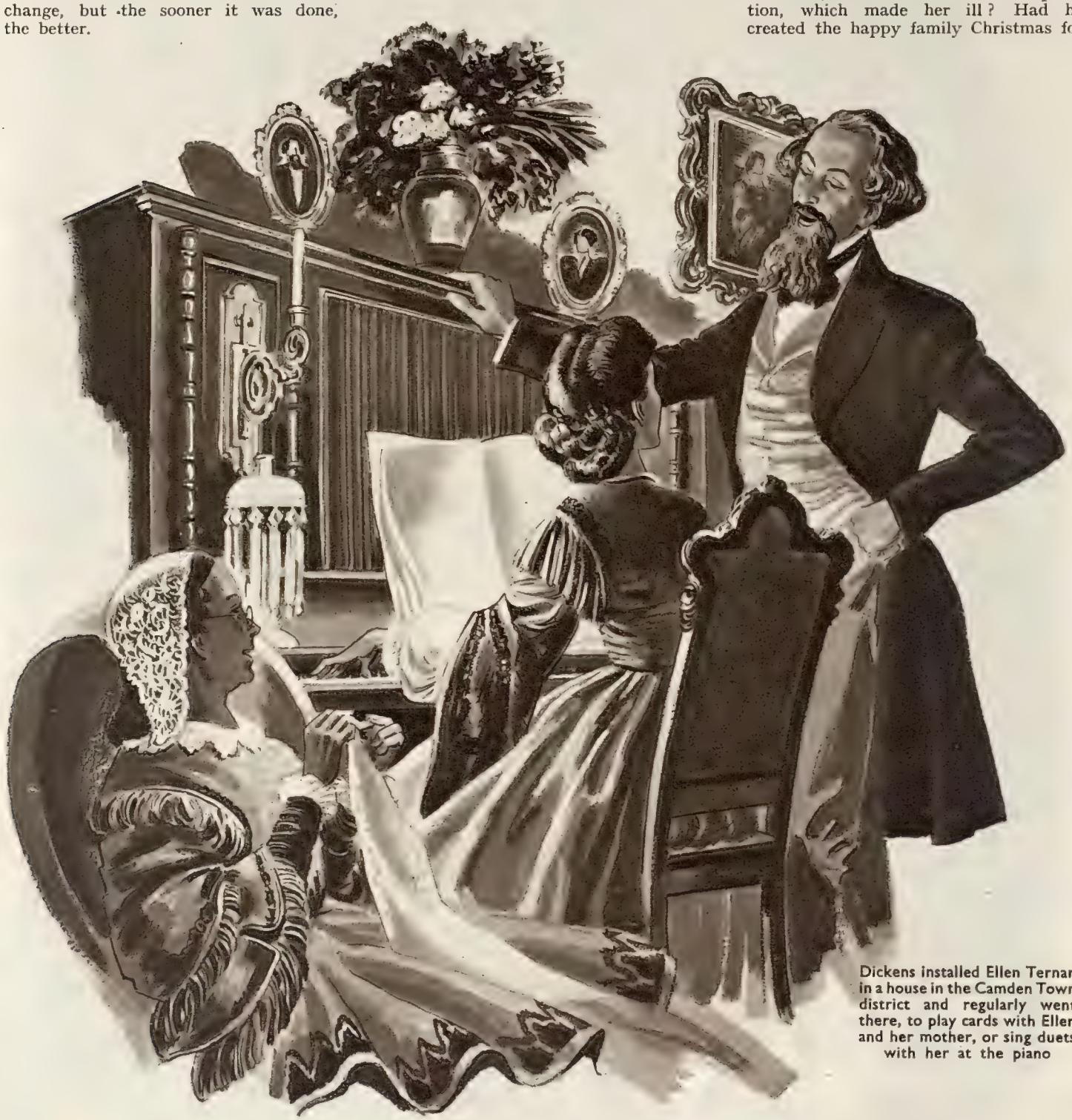
to Carlisle, climbed Garrock Fell, went on to Doncaster for the St. Leger, where Charles—despite his misery—spotted three winners.

His first move towards separation was to write Kate's maid, Anne, asking her to have the communicating door between bedroom and dressing-room sealed by a carpenter and filled with shelves. He ordered a small iron bedstead for himself, and would use it in future instead of the double-bed. She was not to talk of this change, but the sooner it was done, the better.

Certain English Prisoners, suggested by the Indian Mutiny. They saw little of the old Christmas spirit in it, none of Dickens's customary fire. One chapter had actually been delegated to Wilkie Collins. What was lacking in Charles, to make the reading so disappointing?

And so . . . this Christmas Day, 1857, with a depression hanging over the house as ominous as the shadow of a vulture's wings. Merry Christmas, indeed! It

further complications which might result when his relations with Ellen became closer, as inevitably they would.

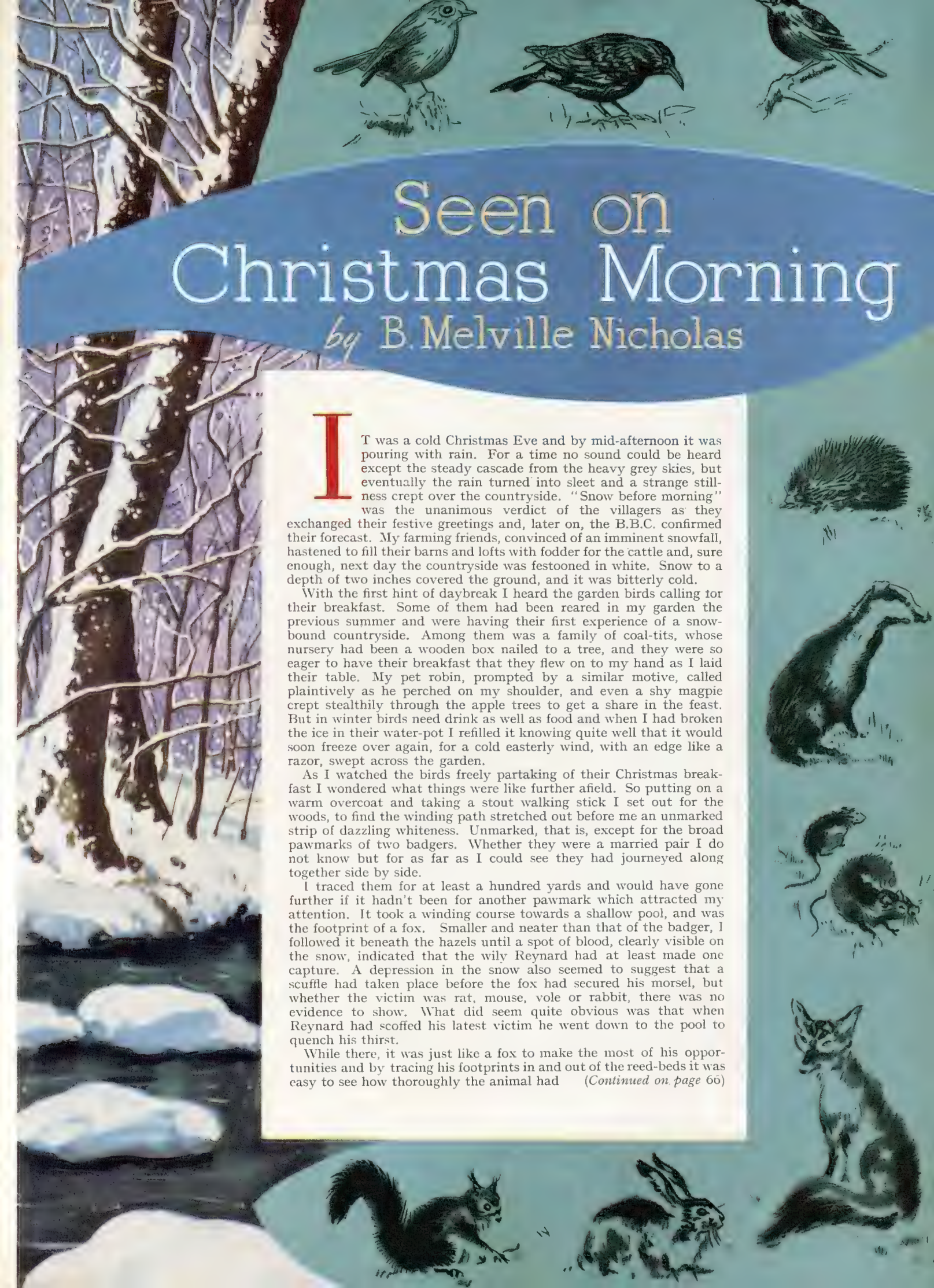
Had any world-famous genius graver problems to face that Christmas? He was the idol of the Victorian family, a man noted for his reforming zeal, for championing the weak and suffering, and for his charitable works. How, then, could there be a breath of scandal in his own family, entailing suffering for his own wife, who hated the idea of separation, which made her ill? Had he created the happy family Christmas for

Dickens installed Ellen Ternan in a house in the Camden Town district and regularly went there, to play cards with Ellen and her mother, or sing duets with her at the piano

His biographer friend, Forster, found him now impossible to deal with, indifferent to advice. "It is a mistake to marry young," he told Forster, "and the years are not making things easier. Reasons have been growing which make it all but hopeless that we should try to struggle on. It is too late to say put the curb on."

ON December 1 he invited a small party to hear his new Christmas story for *Household Words*: *The Perils of* was about as merry as Scrooge's before his conversion. The whole family was dejected. The sons and daughters still at home—Charley, Katey, Mamey, Edward—felt the strain of the conflict. Kate's relations, whom he detested—except the loyal Georgina—were against him. He was racked by worry, thinking of what lay ahead: the separation, to which he was now irrevocably committed; the whisper of unfounded scandal concerning Georgina's position in the home, which he would have to allay; the

others, only to inflict one like this on those nearest to him? What would be the end of it all?

The immediate end was a separation forced through against all bitterness and opposition; Kate's tearful departure to a small house in Camden Town; the document he compelled Kate's mother and her daughter Helen to sign, disavowing "circumstances deeply affecting the moral character of Mr. Dickens and compromising the good name and reputation of others"; (*Continued on page* 84.)



Seen on Christmas Morning

by B. Melville Nicholas

IT was a cold Christmas Eve and by mid-afternoon it was pouring with rain. For a time no sound could be heard except the steady cascade from the heavy grey skies, but eventually the rain turned into sleet and a strange stillness crept over the countryside. "Snow before morning" was the unanimous verdict of the villagers as they exchanged their festive greetings and, later on, the B.B.C. confirmed their forecast. My farming friends, convinced of an imminent snowfall, hastened to fill their barns and lofts with fodder for the cattle and, sure enough, next day the countryside was festooned in white. Snow to a depth of two inches covered the ground, and it was bitterly cold.

With the first hint of daybreak I heard the garden birds calling for their breakfast. Some of them had been reared in my garden the previous summer and were having their first experience of a snow-bound countryside. Among them was a family of coal-tits, whose nursery had been a wooden box nailed to a tree, and they were so eager to have their breakfast that they flew on to my hand as I laid their table. My pet robin, prompted by a similar motive, called plaintively as he perched on my shoulder, and even a shy magpie crept stealthily through the apple trees to get a share in the feast. But in winter birds need drink as well as food and when I had broken the ice in their water-pot I refilled it knowing quite well that it would soon freeze over again, for a cold easterly wind, with an edge like a razor, swept across the garden.

As I watched the birds freely partaking of their Christmas breakfast I wondered what things were like further afield. So putting on a warm overcoat and taking a stout walking stick I set out for the woods, to find the winding path stretched out before me an unmarked strip of dazzling whiteness. Unmarked, that is, except for the broad pawmarks of two badgers. Whether they were a married pair I do not know but for as far as I could see they had journeyed along together side by side.

I traced them for at least a hundred yards and would have gone further if it hadn't been for another pawmark which attracted my attention. It took a winding course towards a shallow pool, and was the footprint of a fox. Smaller and neater than that of the badger, I followed it beneath the hazels until a spot of blood, clearly visible on the snow, indicated that the wily Reynard had at least made one capture. A depression in the snow also seemed to suggest that a scuffle had taken place before the fox had secured his morsel, but whether the victim was rat, mouse, vole or rabbit, there was no evidence to show. What did seem quite obvious was that when Reynard had scoffed his latest victim he went down to the pool to quench his thirst.

While there, it was just like a fox to make the most of his opportunities and by tracing his footprints in and out of the reed-beds it was easy to see how thoroughly the animal had (*Continued on page 66*)

THE BALINESE COMB

By

James Blyth Dow

THEY might have been a couple of newly-weds on the first stage of their honeymoon, they were being so polite and so careful to keep their eyes off each other. They had driven from the airfield in a jeep, and Helen Carrington, the tall girl clutching the big straw hat that had obviously, like herself, just come out from England, ought to have been wide-eyed with interest in her first glimpse of Selangor and of Malaya proper. She seemed rather to have been conscious, though in an oblique way, only of the man at her side.

David Carrington sat with his head lowered over the wheel, his thick light brown hair crisply rebellious under his bush hat, his brows knitting fiercely against the glare and giving him a determined look, as if there was something confronting him he was resolved to see through. He was the same big-framed, lean-faced young man whom she had married two years ago in such haste on the eve of his departure. Yet he was changed, she thought. His brown hand on the wheel seemed to have been sweated and washed to an unnatural fineness, like driftwood. His arm was the colour of her drawing board. Hand and arm were almost unidentifiable. In two years, had her husband become a stranger to her?

That was the feeling she had had since the moment she arrived. It was, it seemed to be, more than fancy. When they drew up at a small bungalow among the tall trees of the estate compound, he gave her his hand automatically to help her alight. It was the first time, apart from his brief, curiously polite kiss at the airfield, that he had touched her. He had been avoiding even a chance contact, it seemed, as if that might have caused him some peculiar pain.

On the veranda, the Chinese servant couple gave them an almond-eyed, grinning welcome. The bungalow, too, was welcoming, bright with infiltrating sunshine and cut flowers.

Helen peeled off her gloves, walking through the two front rooms with her tall woman's supple, controlled grace. She was finely proportioned and utterly feminine in the long, fluent lines of her body and in its every movement, so that even in the simple cotton dress and with her dark hair hanging in a plain snood for journeying, she made the rooms look at once severe and masculine.

The house had indeed the air of belonging to no one. It must have been dwelt in by a succession of managers of the rubber estates, none of whom had imprinted upon it any of his own personality. The rattan matting was faded, damp stained the unpainted wood of the walls, and these were hung conventionally with native shields and spears and with a series of Van Gogh reprints. But on the teak dining table, arranged with elaborate design, was a sudden opulence of orchids.

"How gorgeous!" she exclaimed, as David joined her. In her own ears her voice sounded a little forced. The enormous blooms, bigger than any she had ever seen, were exotic, voluptuous. She would have been more moved by the sight of marguerites.

She was moved enough by the sight of a tommy-gun behind the book-case in a corner.

"David, is there danger here?"

"Not here," he said. "They've cleared up this district."

She did not ask him if he had to go out where the danger still was. Words, she felt, were her enemies, pulling a polite screen between her and her husband. The more they talked the farther off seemed to be any sense of intimacy.

"I've a decent enough shower," David said. "You'd like to freshen up before we eat?"

There was no doubt about it that time. He was undoubtedly playing the host to her! She wanted to fling her arms round his neck and shout out, "David, I'm home!" Having thought of it first, she knew she couldn't. She had the horrible fear that he would be embarrassed.

Small embarrassments continued as they were dressing. There were no doors between the rooms, only (*Continued on page* 59)

DAVID, stretched out in the low cane chair, heard the rustle of the taffeta and glanced up. At once a startled look came into his eyes

DUBROVNIK FROM THE SOUTH

Where The East Begins

By Frances Howell

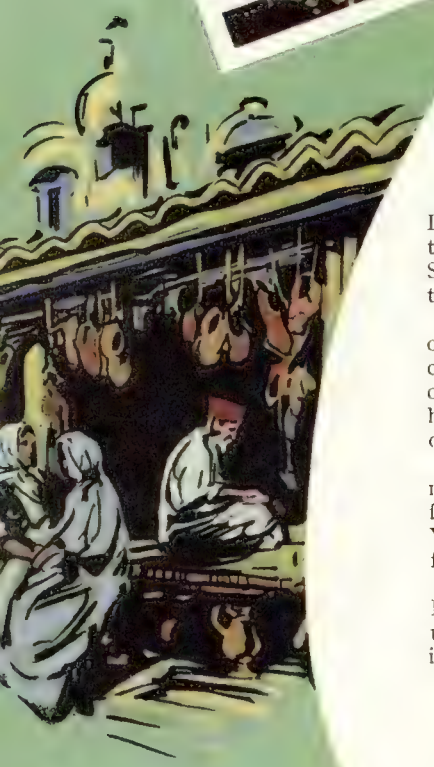
ON June 1 last the Treasury ruled that it was permissible for us once again to visit Yugoslavia. It was a concession which probably did not fill the travel agencies with any clamorous queues, because Yugoslavia is a country that the English tourist is apt to overlook. Before the war many people did not know how to spell its name, or confused it light-heartedly with Czechoslovakia; since the war it has, except for one brief period, been barred to the British on account of currency difficulties, so that any awareness of it that might have been generated by its wartime record has tended to lapse.

Which is a pity, because Yugoslavia has a great deal to offer. To begin with, the Dalmatian coast has a bathing season that extends from May to November, or even later if you are the sort of person who can withstand the normal temperature of our own island waters. Equally, Slovenia can lay on winter sports from November to April which can compare very favourably with those to be had in Switzerland, in fact Planica possesses the largest ski-jump in the world.

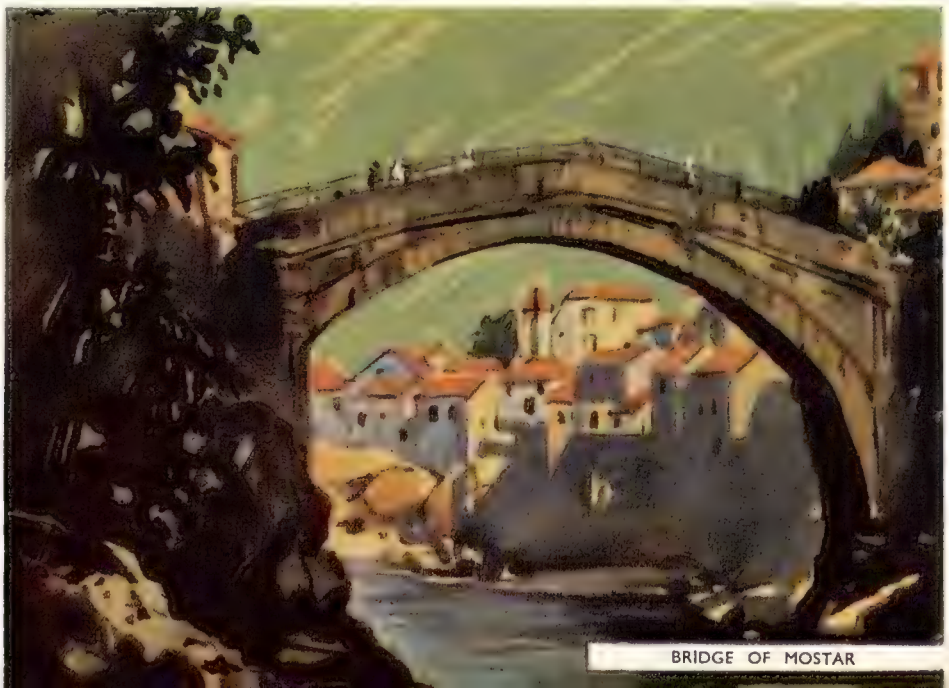
But for me Yugoslavia has a great appeal for two much more general reasons. One is that it is the only Communist country in Europe into which you are not only allowed to penetrate but are encouraged to do so. And there are no strings attached. Tourists are free to go where they will, the only restraint, if any, being imposed by a shortage of accomodation. Quite naturally the authorities have concentrated on restoring the more popular resorts, so that those lesser known may still be without hotels.

The other reason why this country appeals to me is that it is so essentially foreign. By that I mean that the countries nearer to us all have certain things in common with Britain. The scenery is frequently similar; the people wear the same sort of clothes and eat much the same foods. But in Yugoslavia everything is strange and different, beginning with the coastal scenery and ending with the food. You see there a trailer, as it were, of what is to be found further east.

The most attractive part of Yugoslavia from the summer visitor's point of view is, of course, the Dalmatian coast. The steamers take a leisurely twenty-seven hours to do the trip from Rjeka, which used to be called Fiume, to Dubrovnik, whence trim pleasure boats ply between the lovely Adriatic islands of Huar, Rab and Brač. Korčula, perhaps one of the most attractive (*Continued on page 65*)



DIOCLETIAN'S PALACE, SPLIT



BRIDGE OF MOSTAR

The Anaesthetist

Diana Knew The Heights Of Passion
But Also Realized The Depths Of Love

By Cecil Hunt

I AM an anaesthetist. That probably means that you regard me as an odd-jobs man, and jib over the correct pronunciation of the name of my profession. This, to me, is a little thoughtless; for we, too, have our hard-earned degrees and our high ethics.

I wanted to be a surgeon, but, deciding that I had not the requisite skill, I chose anaesthetics as my opportunity to relieve suffering. Perhaps if we withdrew our services occasionally, the public might realize our contribution to mercy. But that's neither here nor there. The trouble with our profession, I think, is its anonymity; yet in a sense that endorses the selflessness of our services.

We do not have our patients, as does a G.P., we cannot forge the personal links or receive the thanks accorded to the surgeon or physician. We are just the unknown, often unnamed, catalysts who make possible a transformation without altering ourselves—like parsons at weddings. But perhaps that is not always an entirely fair description, as I once discovered.

We work in hospitals and we are brought in by consultants and specialists. The patient may not even know our name. So be it; we like still to believe that we perform acts of mercy. But so it is that we know nothing of our patients, or to whom we may be called. Our first contact is perhaps when they are in bed and we read their case history, make our notes and tests and adapt our knowledge and skill to the sufferer's needs.

It may be an accident brought in in emergency, it may be a case from miles away. Patients are primarily a history and a body; we know nothing of them beyond the clinical details and the findings of our examinations. Only occasionally are they friends who nominate our services and still more rarely do we find placed under our care a patient whose name rings a bell in remote memory and gives an aura of intimacy to what would otherwise be an operation of detached, objective skill.

So much for the peculiar and little understood background of our work. Now for the personal details which are inevitable.

I am happily married to Diana, who gives me a background of tranquillity and rewards me with her confidence and interest when occasionally my work seems so impersonal as to be unrewarding. It is probably my human frailty, but there are times when the absence of any personal touch leaves one empty.

We have no children, to our mutual regret, but otherwise I have been abundantly blessed in marriage. I hope I have overcome my natural reticence sufficiently to make that known to Diana. From the outset of our journey together I have been conscious of my inadequacies; though she, in her goodness, has never mentioned or implied them. Perhaps they exist only in my fears.

EASTER was a good artist, and his portrait of Diana created a sensation at the Academy

You see, she was engaged before she met me; to Easter Roding, the painter. When I say engaged, I mean the affinity seemed inevitable. He was a good artist, I think; indeed I am sure. But a restless, provocative soul; as moody and as unpredictable as an April day; his sunshine as entrancing and his instability as certain. He told me once that he would never have a home; only a foothold in the hearts of friends.

A handsome man, with a streak of the gypsy in him; cultured and with innate graces. Full of colour and yet without the taint of flamboyance. A man to sweep any girl off her feet, and Diana was already poised on tip-toe like a ballet dancer.

She saw life with him as a primitive music, with an almost lyrical quality. And I want to be fair to her; I do not think she would have flinched from the poverty that might have come her way with Roding, nor with the demands of a restless, seemingly pointless travelling.

She might have inspired him; I have not sufficient of the artist in me to know. He might equally have tired of her when her beauty faded or its splendour had grown familiar. I do know that his painting of her created a sensation at the Academy.

She would have married him then, if he had behaved as any normal person would have done; as Diana's parents expected him to do. He had a good Press and was pestered with commissions for portraits. He tore up the press cuttings, tossed the commissions into the fire and refused high offers for the portrait, which he gave to Diana, and set out for a painting tour in Spain.

He asked Diana to go with him, but with no promise of marriage. Her parents thought him preposterous; it put the last

seal upon his instability. Parents, and perhaps all women, set more store upon material security than they do upon the security of enduring love.

Diana hesitated. I think she does not know to this day whether she thus surrendered the supreme justification for life, or whether she missed a temporary ecstasy that would have dissolved like a mist before the sun's reality.

Hesitation was not in Roding's vocabulary. He gave her but twelve hours, and then she found he was gone.

If she wrote to him, I do not think he answered. I feel confident that the only times he communicated with her were at Christmas, in the form of a painting with a greeting on its thumb-smeared back, and each year on a certain day in May, which I presumed had some unforgettable significance for them. Then would come a card; a common, commercial postcard with just the word *Félicitations*, or some equally innocuous message.

There was nothing for me to complain of; marriage does not bar a woman from the links of tender friendship.

The cards would come from different parts of the world, and never with any address. Once the inscription altered, and that was five years after our marriage. Then, *Félicitations* was followed by *From Easter and Andora*. The dual inscription, after that, was always used.

I HAD waited two years after Roding's departure before I proposed to Diana. She didn't hesitate; she dismissed the sincere recital of my inadequacies and the equally genuine protestations that I would do all I could to give her the deepest happiness it was in my power to bestow.

I have kept that promise, and it has not been difficult. Diana is the only woman I have ever loved; or ever shall love. The less volatile and imaginative disposition has its small compensations; the predictable durability of homespun against the ravishment of shot silk or the exotic sensuousness of velvet. That is as far as my imagery will go; I am not a poetically-minded man; my profession is concerned with precision and predictable facts.

Diana never mentions Roding. If she has the portrait still, it is never revealed, though I should see it without bitterness; indeed with a pride in my wife's exultant, youthful beauty.

Easter's cards, sometimes the loveliest water-colour sketches, are accepted with no more revealed emotion than is created by the other nostalgic reminders of the Christmas season.

My fears that for Diana life with me has been but a second best have been often temporarily allayed by the tributes of friends to the felicity of our understanding. I wish they wouldn't use that particular word, but they are not to know. And in fifteen years I suppose the partnership has acquired its own mellow maturity.

I suppose I should have gone on, humbly thankful and happy, and only occasionally tormented by fears, had I not received that call from Sir Compton Salford. I do much work for him, and it is privately a restoring thought that such a distinguished abdominal surgeon should so frequently request my services.

This time I studied the case notes in Sister's room at St. Luke's. I had just finished an administration and was trying to divest my mind of its details in order to be attuned to the new case before Salford came in. I suppose I was tired after a long session in the theatre and so I read the notes and Salford's comments several times before I absorbed their significance. In any case, it is always the salient facts that demand the professional eye before the identity of the patient.

It was the word *Andora* that first seared my eye and seemed to burn into my heart. I had never met the name, save on the postcards that came to our house.

I was so shaken that I fear I made a poor showing in my discussion with Sir Compton. But my record with him is good, and he knows that even an anaesthetist gets tired and overwrought occasionally.

When he had gone I studied the papers with steadier eyes. They said the patient was Spanish, the wife of Easter Roding. A temporary London club address was given, and a permanent address that I assumed to be a remote village in the Pyrenees.

It was a serious abdominal operation, brought to acuteness by apparent neglect and further tried by the strain of enforced air travel.

When I reached home that night, Diana remarked anxiously upon my tiredness. I had to tell her, and I fear I told her with a cruel abruptness.

"Easter's wife's in town. I assume he is here. She is Salford's patient; a heavy op. . . ."

I could not look at her, but I felt the contraction of her body; like a flower closing to a sudden biting wind.

"And you . . . you have. . . ."

I nodded.

"I'm so sorry," she said.

With a merciless self-torture I had to add: "The papers give a club address, but apparently they're living in the Pyrenees . . . . The Angelo, it is."

I went into my study, a dazed man. Perhaps it was cruel to leave her; yet my intention was kind. I could not watch her sufferings and I did not dare to wait and see whether the spell had been broken by the years and she needed now the comfort of my fumbling steadfastness.

I thought only of the operation and I had but twelve hours of the torture of inaction.

WHEN I reached home that night, Diana remarked anxiously upon my tiredness. I had to tell her, and I fear I told her with a cruel abruptness. "Easter's wife's in town. I assume he is here. She is Salford's patient"

Diana did not mention the matter again. As I set out next morning for the further consultation and the after-lunch operation, she said: "I am sorry, John; I shall be thinking of you."

I believe that to be true, but I wondered how much more and how much more wholly, she would be thinking of Easter Roding. I prayed that I might not meet him and that my professional authority would be sufficient to circumvent a clash.

I tried to examine Andora impartially, and after the first few minutes I succeeded. It is not a fiction but a restoring fact that one's fiercest enemy becomes but a patient to the professional eye. Perhaps the capacity for such detachment, nurtured through years, betrays a hidden weakness in our passions.

But certainly Andora was no enemy to me. She was still beautiful, with a typical Spanish sensuousness, but she was suffering too much to be anything but listless and remote.

Illustrations by Thornton Jones

As always in the theatre, I was too absorbed by Sir Compton's skill to be anything but detached. It was only after the two hours' strain that I was enveloped by a tide of unutterable weariness.

Salford complimented me afterwards on a fine anaesthetic. He is always thus thoughtful; at least to me, and it had been a difficult job, with Andora's doubtful heart.

When I told Diana that she was through, she said, simply: "I am thankful, John. She was lucky to be in such good hands."

It had the ring of transparent sincerity; probably it was only my foolishness that searched with miserable anxiety for any suggestion of dissembling.

THREE days later, days of unaccountable anxiety and bemused torment for me, Sir Compton's secretary rang up to tell me Andora had died. Her heart had not stood the severity of the strain.

She was not the first of my patients who had died; some, indeed, we had scarcely hoped could live. In any case, no medical man can allow loss to prey upon him, when he has searched his conscience and seen that he did all he could. There is urgent life demanding his assistance that it may continue.

Yet Andora's death seemed to shroud my happiness like a dank mist. It swirled and eddied in tortuous forms that gradually began to assume the shape and menace of destiny. And the destiny descended upon me like an enveloping fog.

Diana suggested a few days' holiday. I could not work, but her solicitude was forestalled by my collapse. I had a week in bed and when I insisted upon returning to the hospital I knew, and perhaps Diana suspected, I was still a sick man. I could not fight the enshrouding mists and gradually the power to fight died in me. . . .

JOHN CHIPPING KINGHAM was found dead in his room at the hospital a week later. At the inquest the Coroner returned a verdict of death from an overdose of sleeping tablets, self-administered, while the balance of his mind was temporarily deranged. He much regretted that so valuable a servant of the public should have seen fit, apparently, to hold himself responsible for a hospital death in which no vestige of blame could possibly have been placed upon him. Sir Compton Salford confirmed the evidence, endorsed Kingham's high skill and irreproachable integrity. Medicine had suffered a severe loss by his pathetic, unwarranted death.

Some three months after, Diana discovered among her husband's private papers a sealed letter addressed to herself. It read:

Diana, think only this of me: I loved you to the depths of my capacity. I have loved no other and you have brought me more happiness than I hoped for or deserved. Perhaps you have drawn some recompense from my single-minded devotion, but I am conscious that it is not in me to give, at least to you, the ecstasy of love.

Easter is free now, through no fault of mine; only the contrivings of destiny which perhaps rightly sets more store upon even the late flowering of affinities than upon the measured harvest of contentment. Easter, isn't it odd, is the season of resurrection.

You have given more than I can ever repay; go now and embrace the fire that once illumined you, and know that you, too, will ever have not a foothold but the freehold of the heart of . . .

JOHN.

For several months Diana hid this letter in the depths of her humbled contrition. It was shown to none, and no word came from Roding.

Then she sent it to him, with a newspaper cutting of the inquest, to the club address. For several previous days she had tried (*Continued on page* 68)

A Winterless Christmas

(*Above*) Waipiro Bay, North Island, New Zealand, seen through the flowering branches of the Kowhai tree

(*On right*) Ohope Beach, Bay of Plenty, Auckland, New Zealand. All New Zealanders who can, make for the coast on Christmas Day

(*Below*) The beautiful beach on Mayor Island, Bay of Plenty, Auckland

A Winterless Christmas

Where The Yuletide Season Festivities Are Celebrated In The Old Traditional Manner In The Height Of Midsummer

By Dulcie M. Lawson

YOU are British and seem to expect your Christmases always to be white! A white Christmas is something I've only read about and never seen. And a cold Christmas, with heavy coats and thick boots, is beyond my comprehension. For you see, I am a New Zealander. From Whangarei, in the winterless North Island.

The festive season in my country falls in the height of midsummer. With roses spilling from their stems and ti-trees painting the hillsides in a glow of crimsons and reds, and the grass the colour of tobacco. Out in the bush, the air is warm and heavy, with the merest whisper of a breeze brushing the ferns and tall grasses. There are no cheeky robins hopping over the hard-packed snow, nor hungry sparrows industriously searching for crumbs. Here, only the bell-like fluting of the tui-bird and the soft cooing of the wood pigeons disturbs the still, silent air.

An early morning view of the beach at Mount Maunganui, North Island, New Zealand. (*On right*) A view of the same beach taken later on in the day showing children making sand castles

The photographs are reproduced by permission of the New Zealand Government

In a sweltering temperature of ninety degrees, New Zealand nevertheless celebrates in the old traditional manner. For Christmas customs must *never* be allowed to die.

Our preparations begin, like yours, a week or two beforehand, when the shops are decorated with artificial snow and holly. Huge clumps of native mistletoe, gathered from the mountain districts, hang from the ceilings. And great fir trees, twinkling from head to toe with coloured lights, stand in all their splendour in the centre of department stores, or in miniature, in windows of suburban homesteads.

Buying is in progress, the same the world over. Food is purchased for the holiday, from spotless shops (dogs are never admitted in shops in New Zealand) attended by polite Chinese. Turkeys are prodded and eventually decided upon, and presents are anxiously chosen. There is an atmosphere of bustle and excitement about the shimmering streets.

The cooking of Christmas puddings and mincepies and cakes and pastries, is being undertaken in every busy kitchen. And cooking in kitchens nearly as hot as the ovens themselves, is no easy task. But then the New Zealand women, acclimatized to long summer days, are used to it and bake in enormous quantities. And very fine cooks they are, too.

Christmas Eve at noon time, is the most thrilling of all for the children. For Father Christmas arrives in New Zealand! Hundreds and hundreds of youngsters, from lonely outback sheep stations, from farms, from remote townships and the isolated backblocks, gather with their parents about the lovely harbour of Auckland. The quay is festooned with garlands and flowers, and the gaily patterned frocks of the women add to the kaleidoscope of colour.

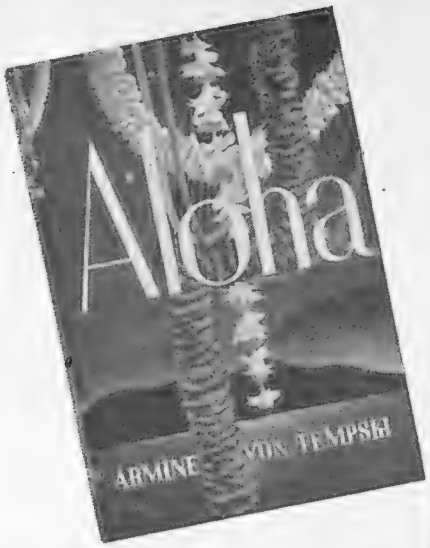
Suddenly an excited shout goes up, and cries of "There he is!" "It's Father Christmas!" "It's Father Christmas!" "Here he comes!" as a shining white launch decked with flowers and streamers is seen rounding the North Headland and comes gliding towards them.

Sirens hoot, planes swoop, the band plays louder. People are laughing and shouting, standing at windows, on roofs of cars, all peering, straining, the better to see this age-old ceremony.

"Hurrah!" The cries echoing round the protecting cliffs are repeated all over again like the never-ending waves of the sea. Father Christmas, hot and perspiring, arrayed in thick, brilliant red robes and truly magnificent white whiskers, with a huge sack bulging with toys on his back, steps ashore. Melting greasepaint, running in streams down his beaming face, glistens in the broiling sun. He waves to all the shining-eyed children, and shakes hands with the lucky nearest, bending dear old head to whisper secret promises. . . . The children are nearly beside themselves with excitement!

Two dainty fairy attendants lift a large wicker basket from the deck of the launch. The lid is flung wide open. Dozens of white, fluttering pigeons are released, with messages fastened to their feet, to fly to all parts of the Dominion, telling the waiting children of New Zealand that Father Christmas has arrived.

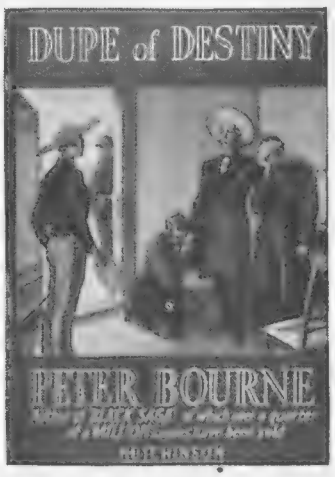
Christmas evening is dedicated, as always, to the (*Continued on page* 82)

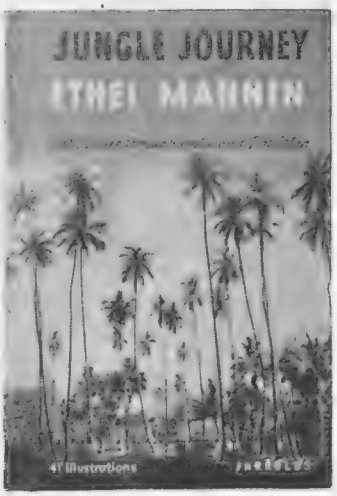


The Soviet Consulate Affair

ONE day in 1948 Oksana Kasenkina jumped into the headlines from the window of the Soviet Consulate in New York. A schoolteacher, wife and mother, she struggled hard to make a living for herself and her son after her husband, formerly a Tsarist officer, had "disappeared" in that unaccountable way which seems to be part of the Politburo technique. Eventually she was sent to New York to teach the children of the Russian colony there. Then came a general recall. Dreading a return to Russia, she tried in every possible way to find some means of staying in the States, but was thwarted and virtually imprisoned in the Consulate. The jump from the window was her desperate "**Leap to Freedom**" (Hurst & Blackett, 12s. 6d.).

Hers is a poignant, terrible story which I specially commend to Russia's "fellow-travellers" in Britain, so that they may know at first-hand their political destiny. Apart from conditions in Russia itself, no reasoning human being with a shred of independence could tolerate those she describes under Soviet control, even in far-off New York, where the intrigues and petty tyrannies and bullyings of the Consular chiefs read like a nightmare. One is reminded of Stefan Zweig's passionate protest against a comparable tyranny before his suicide: "We cannot be supposed to suffer during our entire lives for the stupidities of politics which have always robbed, never enriched us."



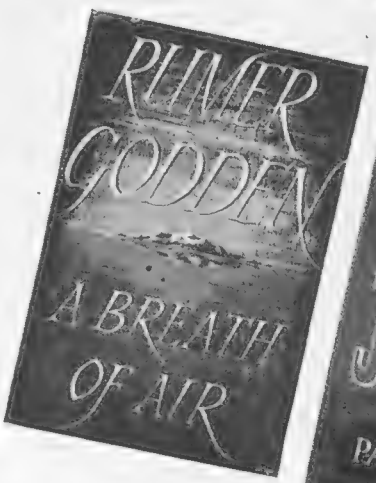


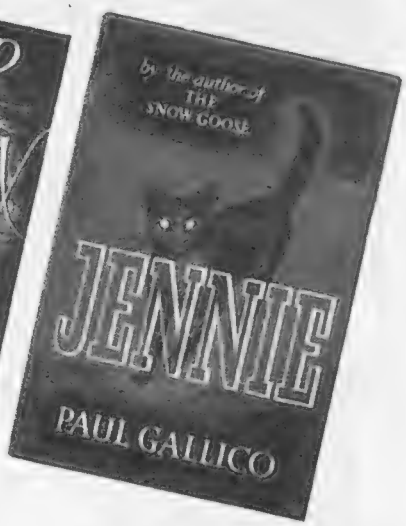
Books:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen

WELL up on my Christmas book list must be a travel book or two, to gladden someone's grey midwinter with the sun of far places, other days. This year, a Dane, Hakon Mielche, fits the requirement nicely, for having a yawl about the same tonnage as the boat Columbus sailed west in, he must needs name her also the *Santa Maria* and follow in the discoverer's tracks from Palos to San Salvador, by way of the Canaries, with two companions. Storms lashed but could not halt them. They made the West Indies, where Mr. Mielche descended in a diving bell of his own designing to "the palace of the Mermaid Queen . . . a fairy forest, a landscape from another world, a Walt Disney fantasia," and saw other entrancing sights, including a Cuban cock-fight! "**After You, Columbus**" (Hodge, 12s. 6d.) translated by M. A. Michael, is brightly written and illustrated with the author's impudently funny thumbnail sketches as well as photographs. Fat, generously produced, the book looks—and is—good value.

ETHEL MANNIN vagabonded through India with her daughter from the N.W. Frontier to Bangalore. They carried rucksack and roll of bedding, stayed in mission and rest houses or private homes, rode second-class on hot, crowded trains. One unusual visit was to an elderly Englishwoman who had married an Afghan *mullah*, adopted Islam, and lived in *purdah* in a mud-hut village fifty miles from Peshawar in dacoit country. Miss Mannin says she felt oppressed in spirit, as though visiting people in prison, and resentful that an Englishwoman should submit to a system from which women of the East are beginning to emancipate themselves. Her reactions throughout are frankly personal, and this makes "**Jungle Journey**" (Jarrolds, 15s.), with her daughter Jean's vivid photographs, an unconventional record.





ARMINE VON TEMPSKI grew up on a Hawaii ranch, and after her father's death crossed to the States with a brother and sister to find a career, then returned to run their home as a guest house and escort tourists climbing to the Haleakala crater. She depicts charmingly a hospitable people, with their *hulas* and *leis*, their flower-decked weddings which end with the bride, groom and guests diving into a flower-strewn sea! "**Aloha**" (Museum Press, 12s. 6d.) is coloured, too, with the author's own love romance and marriage, though she did try to put him off with: "You're a dear, but I'm a Kanaka at heart. In a few weeks I'll be sailing for Hawaii, so just let's have fun while we can, and not think beyond that."

ARCHITECTURE can be a cold, formal subject, but not in the hands of Hugh Braun, who shows how the houses of different periods, both great and small, *grew*, and the kind of people who lived in them. "**The Story of English Architecture**" (Faber, 12s. 6d.) is a simply and clearly written illustrated survey, from primitive to modern.

AND now if you ask: What impels people to travel? Sixteen eminent writers give by no means dusty answers in "**Traveller's Quest**" (Hodge, 15s.), edited and introduced by M. A. Michael. Ella Maillart, who began at eighteen and has been five times to Asia, says: To live her own life, find adventure in a somewhat tamed world, and that unity without which no better one is possible, but admits, "It was always myself I found at the end of the journey and I wish it had not taken me so many years till I had the courage to face that self properly." A book of philosophy and reminiscence both to stir and assuage one's wanderlust.

You can, of course, "travel" near (*Continued on page 82*)

Happy In Your Work?

A creative task or a life sentence—what is housework to you? If it appears to be the latter, are you resigned or active to obtain a reprieve?

IT appears from a recent Gallup Poll that one woman in ten in this country is allergic to housework. This is a disturbing figure when we think of the volume of human frustration which it represents. The sorry picture of one woman in ten settling down to a life-sentence of hated chores is dreadful to contemplate, but *is* it a life sentence; need it be? Is there no hope of reprieve if one happens to find oneself among the *lifers?*

It is easy to indulge in platitudes about adopting a new philosophy. Sweeping and dusting, the eternal round of chores seem to leave little time for philosophizing, yet since housework has to be endured, release from boredom can only come through an adjustment of the mental outlook.

Perhaps one of the main contributory causes of the frustration which housework sometimes brings, is the conviction that it is uncreative. The dreary round of trivialities which repeat themselves day after day, year after year, seem, at a superficial estimate, to lack objectiveness. The basic need to build up, to produce, to synchronize brain and hands in an act of creation appears to be lacking. But is it really so?

It depends how you view the task and, even more how you tackle it! Throwing the potatoes into a pot, or lumping things together into a frying pan might be called cooking, but it can hardly be called creative. Yet, cooking can be one of the most creative hobbies, a truly aesthetic pleasure when it is taken seriously enough.

PERHAPS the answer for the bored housewife lies in the fact that all the tasks of the home are treated as menial ones, whereas many of them can be raised to the level of the creative task if they are accorded the importance—and the skill which is their due.

It is a fact that to be really expert at any task is a pleasure in itself. Efficiency makes light of many chores, and enables the harassed housewife to devote more time in the leisure which is left to her to other interests outside the immediate sphere of home.

Some research has been carried out recently on the amount of walking, standing and body-motion involved in the common tasks of the home. It has been found that by rationalizing these jobs—in other words, by reducing body motions to a minimum—much fatigue is avoided. During the tests, one woman is said to have saved fifty yards a day—or ten miles in a year—in merely cleaning a fireplace and laying a fire.

The more scientific application of motion study is hardly within the sphere of the average housewife, but there is something to be gained from an intelligent effort to reduce the fatigue of household chores by commonsense study of means and methods, not to speak of efficient apparatus up and down the scale from clean sweeping brushes to the more elaborate electrical labour saving devices.

I SOMETIMES think that we housewives are too often slaves of a routine that was made for a different age. Many home tasks which we have by custom come to regard as daily ones might be done less often. Conventions die hard and the methods which were sacred to our mothers' homes remain so in our own though the needs and requirements of a modern household are vastly changed.

Try making a list of the daily tasks which bear so heavily upon you in your own home and you will probably discover that without any real loss of cleanliness, many of them can be done less frequently.

Labour saving devices hold many answers to the drudgery of the household round, but if the more elaborate ones are beyond your means don't be too depressed. Efficiency will accomplish a good deal.

As a point of interest an inquiry into the hours spent by British women in house chores showed an average of fifty hours a week. A similar inquiry in America, taken at three different social levels, showed that the mechanized American home is not all that much more easily run than the British one, though it is only fair to say that looking after young children was included in the American inquiry, whereas it was not in the British.

IF the burden of homework is increased by lack of efficiency, what can one do to improve? Many busy women will jib at the prospect of taking instruction, but too many of us have dropped into housekeeping without any real qualification for what is, in fact, a skilled job. We learn by trial and error, and some of us never really learn at all. Hence the fatigue and the boredom which is inseparable from a task indifferently done.

Instructional courses in the domestic sciences are available for women who have the time and the enthusiasm to take them up. If housework seems like a life sentence to you it could be that reprieve lies in the direction of more, not less interest, in the hated task.

by Katy Dunn

Perfume...
Your Sweet and Lovely Shadow

TO attempt to describe a lovely perfume is to realize the inadequacy of words. We turn to music; talk of "high and low notes" in perfume, or we say that it is "sharp," or "sweet." But a fragrance is too elusive to be described and that is the secret of its mysterious power to confer an aura of luxury upon the wearer. The woman who wears a perfume that becomes her assumes a new grace and a new consciousness of charm.

Perfume is romance. It is compounded of romantic things and "of imagination all compact." In it stirs the restless spirit of flowers that have blossomed on the terraced hills of Grasse and on southern islands of the blue Pacific. In it are leaves and fruit, roots and bark, odorous gums and balsams from Ceylon and Sicily. Ambergris—a romantic name—fixes the bouquet, and musk from the wild deer of Tibet gives it tenacity and a husky animal undertone.

NO wonder good perfume is costly, because all these constituents are expensive and many of them are rare, but can you buy a dream too dearly?

In the past perfume was the costly prerogative of priests and kings. Sailors were lost searching for the fabulous, fortune-bringing lumps of ambergris. Many fell by the wayside on the long, spice-laden journey from the East. Today, the perfumer runs no mortal risks and every woman can enjoy the grace and elegance it confers upon the wearer, if she believes the cost worth while.

For centuries the magic of perfume has made it a foible of beautiful women and even of great men—before Waterloo Napoleon found time to write to Houbigant for his scented gloves—it has lost none of its allure for women, but surely we are too timid in using it?

Women who spend a substantial sum of money annually on cosmetics still hesitate before the cost of good perfume, yet no other aid to beauty is more subtly effective.

Remember this: good perfume has a lasting power if it is used cleverly and treated well. Never display even your loveliest bottle on a dressing-table. Keep it in the dark and tightly stoppered. Use perfume on your skin, or diffuse its fragrance by slipping a scented pad of cotton wool into the corsage of your dress.

The natural oils of the body change the effect of a perfume. A fragrance which suits one woman will not suit another.

When you choose a perfume, dab it on your wrist and leave it for a few minutes before sniffing its fragrance. In these few moments of contact with the skin it can change its character completely.

Choose your perfume meticulously, treat it tenderly and it becomes a part of You—your sweet and lovely shadow.

The name of lovely perfumes is legion, but these are some of the most widely loved. Chanel Number Five; My Love; Mais Oui; the ever sweet and refreshing 4711 and, for supreme luxury, Miss Dior at the right

IF you do not find a Canasta set in your stocking this Christmas, look for a gambling game in the nursery cupboard.

It's A Gamble

By Christopher Bethell

JUST as everybody has a flutter on the Derby, so in countless homes Christmas is a time for putting our loose change on the table. It is hardly a Rake's Progress, except for the raking-in of bright new pennies by equally bright juniors. Uncle Oswald challenges all-comers at Piquet; Aunt Agatha twiddles her Bezique markers; the Boys sit up at Vingt-et-un after they have packed off the Girls and their Canasta set; and even the hardened gambler may feel a quickening in his fingers as he deals from his Christmas-present pack.

With all this latent enthusiasm for squandering the family fortune between Christmas Eve and Boxing Day, it seems odd that so little imagination informs our choice of games. Bridge—a lot of (whisky and) water has flowed under there in thirty years! Then the Gin Rummy craze came over from Hollywood and this year everyone will learn the game which has already swept America.

If we must stake our sterling balance, why not in home-grown games? Ask any child for the name of a good gamble and you will be offered six to choose from.

When I was very young every well-appointed nursery contained a tin filled with clattery cowrie shells. Any day this pale, exotic "cash" was likely to be tipped on to the table and divided into gamblers' heaps.

At Christmas-time the cowries' polished curves were rarely still and the slap of card on card, the shriek of "Snap!" and the tears, the laughter, the free fights, could knock spots off any sedate whist party downstairs. We had no need of sinister foreign games like Baccarat or Euchre or Chemin-de-fer. Ours had gorgeous homely names—Beggar My Neighbour, Slippery Anne and Strip Jack Naked. What has Canasta got? Snip-snap-snorem could beat it hollow.

We did not despise the grown-up games. Fan Tan, after all, was only Card Dominoes. And do you remember Coon-can ("Any coon can play it")? Erudite grown-ups said it was from the Spanish "Con Quien," but the young cried scornfully: "Why, it 's only Rummy!"

The nurseries won and those expensive Coon-can sets which had sailed across the Atlantic soon sailed back again rechristened Rummy, the father of Persian Rummy, Liverpool Rummy, 500 Rum, Poker Rum, Round the Corner, Gin Rummy and others.

If you want a good gambling game for three this Christmas I recommend that nursery favourite—Black Maria. Any number can play, but for three it is perfect: and whereas four are company, three at a card-table can be pretty tiresome.

Before dealing, take out the 2 of Clubs, because each player gets one-third of the "deck." This sounds formidable, but it is only four more than a bridge hand. Choose three of your cards and pass them on to your right-hand neighbour, receiving three from the left. There are no trumps and you must make every effort, short of slipping cards up your sleeve, to avoid taking tricks containing penalty cards. These are the whole of the Heart suit, each counting one point against you, the Ace and King of Spades (*Continued on p. 71*)

Happy To Accept

A SILVER and hand-painted enamel powder compact, £12 10s., perhaps accompanied by a cigarette-case to match, £11 15s., or a silver lipstick case with carved base, £3 15s. The masculine counterpart would be a silver paper-knife, with stainless steel penknife incorporated into the handle, £4 10s., or a smoker's knife with stainless steel blade and stiletto, £3 5s. All from *Mappin and Webb.*

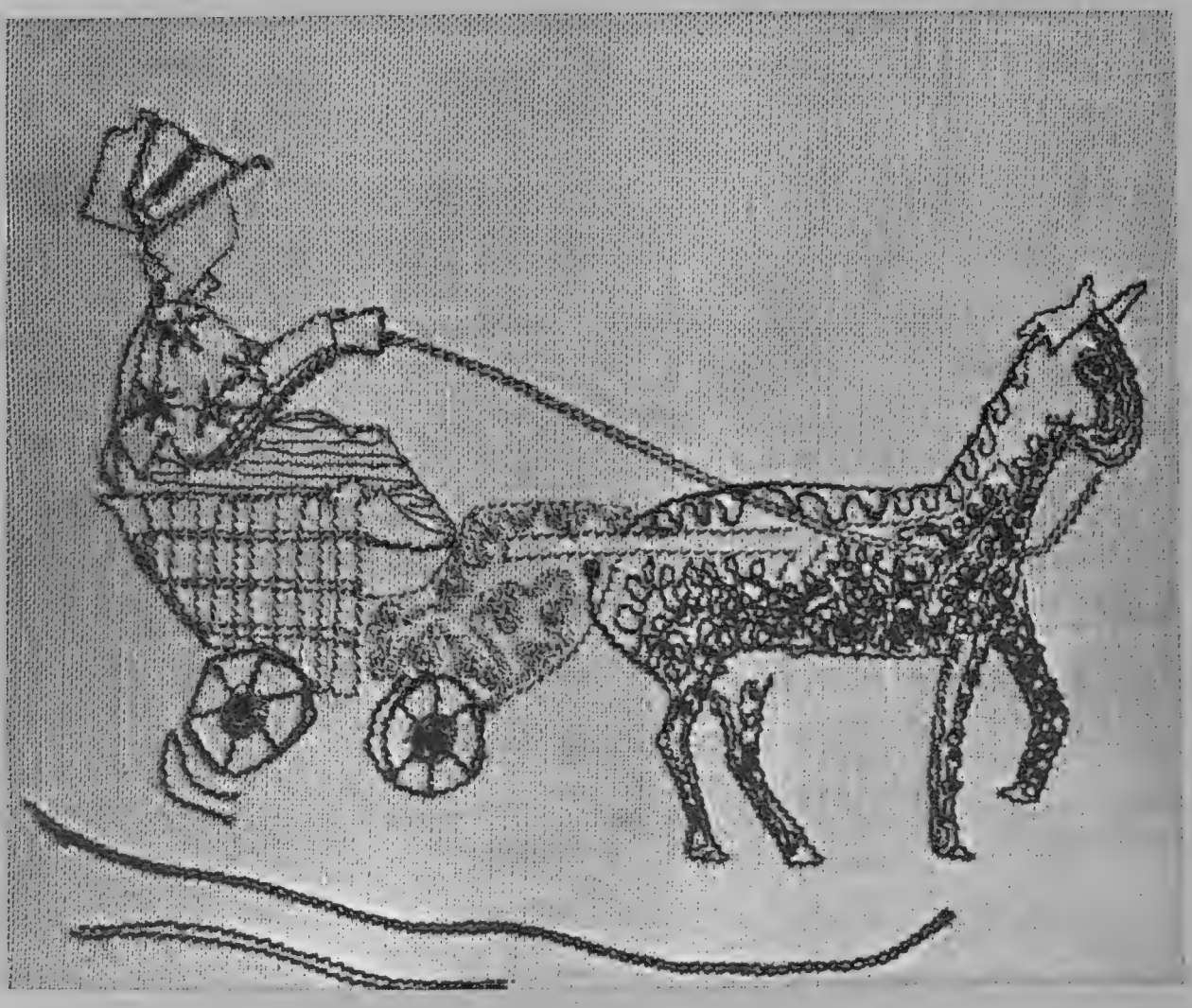
A beautiful handkerchief from *D. H. Evans* is 32s.; other Swiss embroidered handkerchiefs are from 4s. 3d. A gift of flowers, perhaps a corsage of orchids, that most irresistible of all presents, can be sent to anyone in the world, at home or overseas, by the Interflora floral telegraph service.

A Swiss fob watch, in chromium, with an amusing "Queen of Hearts" motif, about £25 from the *Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company.* For the younger set, there are novelty-trimmed slippers from 8s. 11d., *Lilley & Skinner.*

The well-known, well-loved *Dinky* toys, perfect miniatures of the real thing, mobile crane, 9s. 11d., bulldozer, 11s. 9d. Children delight in small-scale models of familiar objects, like the *Ennaware* toilet set, 8s. 6d.; and a *Suba-seal* doll hot-water bottle, with its unique suction-sealed stopper, 8s. 3d. All from *Selfridges.*

Max Factor suggests Christmas-gift sets from 8s. 10d. to 25s. 7d. which will be an all-the-year treasure. A good name being the best guide to the choice of a man's razor, *Wilkinson Sword* will appeal to feminine donors and masculine recipients, 12s. 10d. or 25s. 6d., while *Cullingford's* men's toilet preparations are always acceptable and not expensive. After-Shave Lotion, 7s. 6d., talc 5s. and shaving soap in its unique square bowl, 5s. 6d.

Last, but not the least suggestion for menfolk, a *Ronson* Rondelight table lighter, so designed that it cannot be easily knocked over, 3 gns. A gift for married couples would be the charming lacquered clock from the *Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company*, £26, or the *Teasmade* early-morning tea alarm clock, £15 6s. 3d.



Embroidery On A Sewing Machine

The results of an experiment in embroidery design which will be an inspiration to every needlewoman who has, up till now, regarded her sewing machine as a useful but pedestrian aid to sewing.

THESE embroideries, worked for the most part on an ordinary domestic sewing machine from designs by Mary Kessel, will dispel, for all time, the opprobrium attached to machine embroidery. Much of the beauty of the work depends, of course, on the artistic interpretation of the designs by Frances Beal and Lilian Willey, who are both professional embroideresses, but the charming donkey cart, which is the work of a fifteen-year-old student, will send most needlewomen to their sewing machines with a new evaluation of its potentialities.

A darning attachment to the machine is required for the embroidery. The attachment can be fitted to most domestic sewing machines, and Singer's, for example, give instruction in the use of the darner. Mastery of the art of machine darning is the only technical knowledge involved. As yet there are no embroidery transfers designed for this type of work, but anyone with a flair for freehand sketching could make her own. Like other forms of craftsmanship, it needs practice to make perfect, and a dash of creative genius to make works of artistic merit. But that, after all, is the mainspring of satisfaction in any form of fine needlework.

These examples of machine embroidery have been taken from an exhibition arranged by the Needlework Development Scheme and sponsored by the Arts Council which will be on tour during the next few months. The two examples opposite, the lower one of which is intended for an evening bag, demonstrate the different effects which can be achieved in this medium. The organdie table mats, above, show how faithfully machine embroidery catches the sensitivity of Mary Kessel's style. Below is an original sketch for one of the mats, and above right, a detail of working. "Babes in the Wood," right, although worked on an Irish embroidery machine, would not be impossible to interpret on a family machine.

Sectional seats with foam rubber upholstery make a three-seater settee or a corner fitting. (Goodall Bros. Ltd.) Below : A simple arrangement to give importance to a very narrow hall.

A box bedroom has walls and fitted furniture coloured alike. The rounded end of the wardrobe adds to the space.

Space Is What You

Practise a little deception on the eye and choose the kind of furniture best adapted to the space available, and even the smallest quarters can enjoy the comfort and the prestige of larger ones.

"THE rooms are so tiny!" is apt be an anguished cry about the only flat or house that anyone offers at a price we can afford. But small rooms have a charm of their own and they offer a challenge to one's ingenuity that makes decorating and furnishing them more exciting, and to limited incomes, less costly than with large rooms.

There are two big hurdles to jump with small rooms. Every piece of furniture must pay its way in the space it uses. The scheme must, in the end, achieve at least an illusion of space and an uncluttered look.

Two trends in furniture to-day come to the rescue : dual-purpose furniture and unit furniture. Most of it is in contemporary style, which has a lightness of appearance and a grace of line particularly adaptable for small rooms, where the heaviness of massive pieces in dark woods tends to overwhelm us.

It is easier to-day than it ever was to find furniture that will do two jobs. As well as the now well-known combined dressing-table, writing-table and chest of drawers, there are desks that also serve as dressing-tables with concealed mirrors.

For dining-living-rooms, sideboards can have a glass-covered cupboard for decorative china and glass pieces, or shelves for books. There is a sideboard that opens out to provide a table and stools for meals. There are coffee tables that serve equally well as extra seats.

The conventional three-piece suite can make a small sitting-room look like the corner of a furniture shop. For this reason designers now frown upon it as a *sine qua non*, concentrating on chair designs more adaptable to limited proportions. The old "fireside" chair has grown—in size slightly and in comfort greatly—in variety to suit all purses and all tastes. For those who still like settees—and they certainly have their uses—there are two-seaters with open wooden arms that take the minimum space. Sectional settees, too, are useful.

UNIT furniture is a godsend to the small room, because with it one can build up the storage accommodation one needs, saving space by ranging two or more pieces side by side close together, instead of dotted about the room. There are useful unit pieces that can be built one on top of the other.

Wall space could be used to great advantage with furniture narrower than usual. A sideboard in the usual width may give barely enough room for dining table and chairs, although it leaves a clear, wasted space on each side. If the sideboard were half the width, it could also be twice the length—it would, so to speak, flatten itself against the wall.

It is almost impossible to find such pieces yet, but they could be built up with unit bookshelves, combining open ones and those with doors in wood or glass. Or you could build in something tailored to your room with the co-operation of a good carpenter.

A HANDYMAN can make a banquette that lets down from the wall for a living-dining-room to add inches to the floor space. Bookshelves can be built so that a divan will slide under them, to economise space.

The spaciousness of a room is increased by keeping furniture off the floor—that is to say, on legs. There are sideboards on legs, and even chests of drawers. Bookshelves for the small room should not reach the floor, and desks and dressing-tables should be chosen with drawers down one side or in a row.

There are many useful pieces which hang on to the wall with no legs at all—dressing-tables, writing-desks, and hall fitments.

Use wall-lighting fittings, too, in place

Right : A small room maintains the illusion of space with a patterned wallpaper of which vertical and horizontal lines lead the eye outwards.

Make It

of floor standards, so as to keep the floor space free. Save space by careful choice and placing of furniture, and proceed from there to add to the illusion of space by the shrewd use of colour and pattern.

IT is not quite true that limitations of space demand anæmic pastels and plain surfaces. If you love bright colours, use them, but use them in sharp accents rather than in wide sweeps. You can use a pretty wallpaper in a small room, but only use it on *one* wall and colour the rest to match its background.

Carpets for small rooms should be fitted ones if possible. A margin of floorboards decreases the size of a room. Small, regular patterns that lead the eye along are good ; so are fine stripes, or spots running diagonally across the room.

The vogue for covering chairs in different colours is a help. The eye takes long jumps from one chair to another, making them seem farther apart than, in fact, they are. Chairs and curtains of matching colour appear to draw together crowding upon each other.

The affinity of colours can be turned to advantage, too. A double bed will merge with the background if the cover matches the carpet ; the same applies to a settee.

Small, neat and regular patterns minimise the size of the furniture they cover.

Watch textures, too. Smooth matt ones are usually best, or at most a dull sheen. Shiny satin is enlarging (we know that no large woman should wear it). So are rough, tweedy textiles.

These are subtle ways to deceive the eye. Use well-placed large mirrors to increase the size of the room with a reflected vista. Push the wall out by hanging a picture that is an exercise in perspective and mass small pictures together in soldierly ranks.

ROSETTA DESBRÓW.

A banquette folds down from this shallow cabinet fitment which includes drawer- and shelf-space. (Thomas Justice and Sons.) Below : A combined wardrobe and chest of drawers with a slide tray. (Dunn's, of Bromley.)

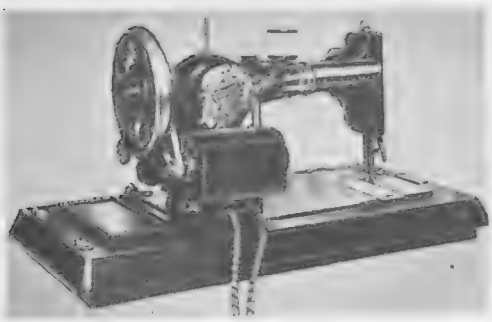
Good Cooks Need These

If you would like to have further details about the equipment on this and the opposite page, please write, enclosing a stamped envelope, to The Editor, Women's Section, "Britannia and Eve," 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

THE Magimix, a newcomer to the kitchen, is more than just another electric mixer, although one of its functions is to produce feather-light cake and sponge mixtures. This versatile machine will cream soups, grate carrots and cheese, make breadcrumbs, grind coffee, mix mayonnaise, and chop and pulp raw vegetables and fruits so finely that every particle of peel can be used. Each operation takes a few seconds.

Heatproof Phœnix glass sauce-boats and long-handled strainers for use with pressure cookers and deep saucepans fill long-felt requirements in food preparation, while an automatic toaster, which delivers the toast just as brown as required and no more, is a bread, fuel and time-saver.

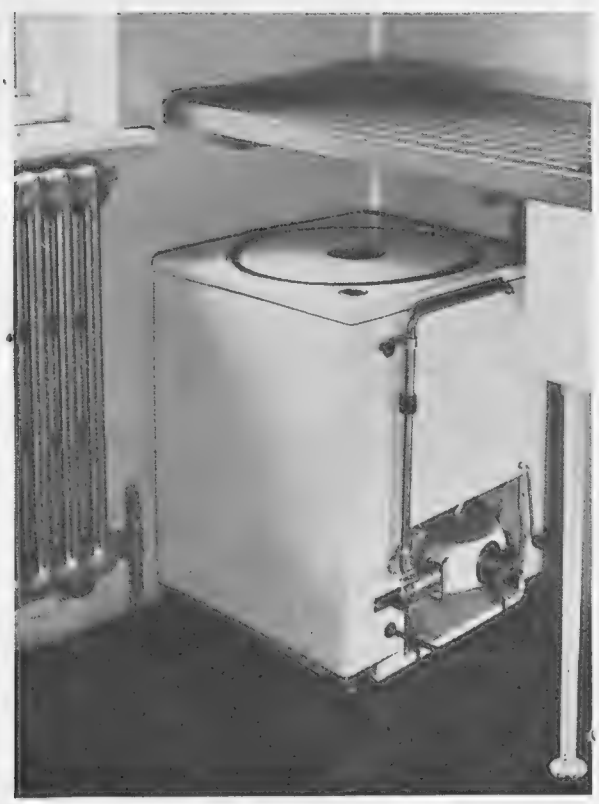
A lightweight Prestige pressure cooker of larger capacity, big enough for whipping up a quick meal when a guest or two joins the family, will also take a standard-sized cake-tin for quick cake-making.



Have You Thought Of This?

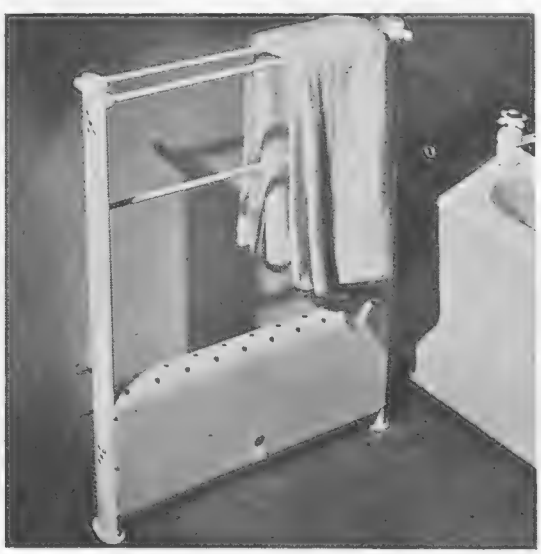
THE secret of this architect-planned gas kitchen is not in the elaboration of the equipment, but in the assembly of the units to give maximum working efficiency. Note the storage fittings in cupboards and drawers.

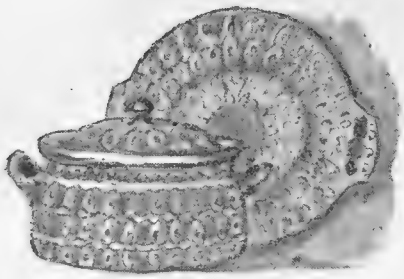
A hand or treadle sewing machine can be converted into an electric model by fitting a sewing machine motor which works off the light switch. Incorporated with the motor is a needle light, directed straight on to the material beneath the needle.

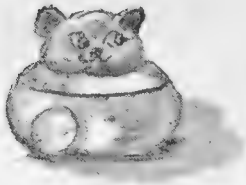


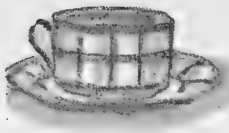
Excellent space saver is this full-sized family washing machine on retractable legs which will stow away beneath a table or draining board when not in use. It is fitted with an electric wringer which stows away inside and electric drainage pump.

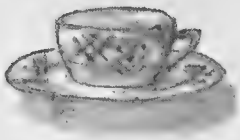
A heated towel rail installed in the kitchen will also act as a space heater, at the cost of not more than one cubic foot of gas an hour.











Single-Handed Hostess

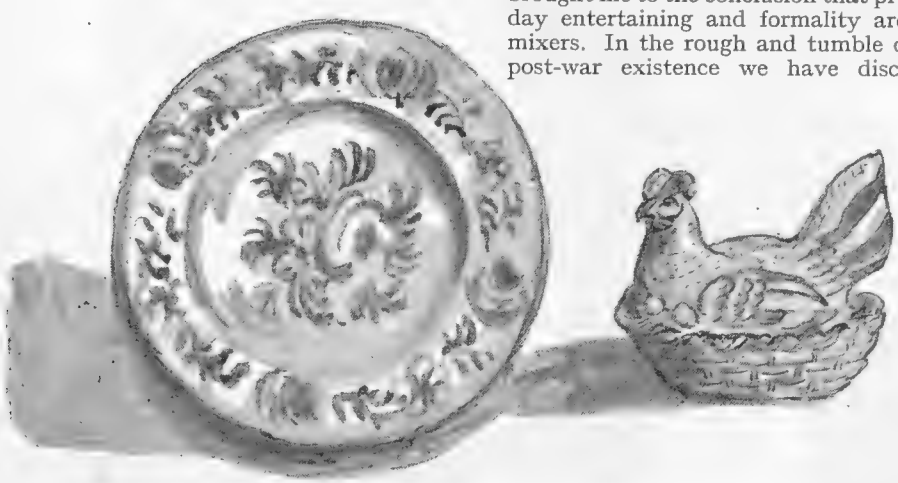
If you are still struggling to make bricks without straw in your entertaining, take advice from Margaret Costa, who is keeping a reputation for hospitality and good cooking in her own commonsense way

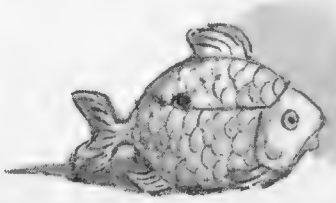
TO-DAY, the tattered excuse that there just isn't the food for entertaining, is no longer really valid, but the problem of domestic help remains, and plenty of us still shrink from giving a dinner party because the practical problems of cooking and waiting at table whilst maintaining a reasonable composure seems just too much to be borne.

Nobody can deny that a party which begins with a frantic hostess, hoarsely beseeching her husband to keep the guests amused while she copes with the dishing up has made a poor start. Guests are uneasily conscious of having arrived too soon, while the hostess makes a series of anxious exits and entrances which puts everybody on edge and spells doom to sustained conversation.

As I see it, entertaining is a pleasure only when the hostess and the guests enjoy themselves in equal measure. If the small dinner party is declining as a social institution it is because the harassed hostess finds the effort of coping single-handed, too much to be often endured. Yet entertaining friends is one of the basic pleasures of home life, so what to do?

A lot of thought on this subject has brought me to the conclusion that present-day entertaining and formality are bad mixers. In the rough and tumble of our post-war existence we have discarded many conventions. Enjoying the companionship of one's friends and maintaining a reputation for hospitality calls for further trimming down of the polite customs. It is quite useless to pretend that we can attain pre-war standards with post-war resources, so why try? Even so, the spirit of real hospitality—which is what matters—need not be affected, so I have cast formality to the wind and my friends and I are the happier for it. To-day, my dinner parties take place in





This attractive kitchen sees much informal entertaining. Bright green paintwork, white furniture, white handpainted oilbaize curtains, lavishly embroidered table linen and a collection of colourful peasant pottery (detailed in the drawings) give it a unique character of its own

the kitchen and whatever they may have lost in the way of grandeur, they have gained in the quality of the cooking and the general atmosphere of enjoyment which pervades them.

I am lucky, I must admit, to possess a kitchen large enough to seat several people. I have made it gay with bright paint, checked gingham curtains, red geraniums and peasant pottery brought from holidays abroad.

Planning the meal well ahead makes it possible to choose food which needs as little last-minute attention as possible, and can be kept warm and waiting in the oven if necessary. Homely food comes to table in its *robe-de-chambre* of brown, fireproof pottery.

When I give a party I like my guests to enjoy themselves, but, to be honest, I am equally anxious to be considered a good cook. Under the new régime I find this quite possible with a limited repertoire and at no great expense.

I find it worth while to take extra trouble to create this desirable impression: to plan and shop carefully and not to grudge the time spent in garnishing the simplest dish attractively.

I confess that I did not give up the old style of entertaining without a pang. Soft reflections of silver and candlelight on a polished table; elegant formality, is a wonderful thing in its proper place, but like a lovely woman past her best it has the quality of heartbreak when it is allowed to endure after the time when it should have been tenderly put away. Today my parties boast little elegance but they are very great fun.

EVEN if your party is given in the kitchen, put the best silver on the table. Nice appointments are a pleasure wherever they are seen.

As you add to your store of china and table appointments, choose the gay rather than the elegant. The kitchen in our picture shows you how effective coloured pottery can be.

Limit the number of courses served to three. Far better a few superb dishes than a lot of less successful ones.

Plan the party menu so that only one course needs cooking on the day. Start with a cold course (say a shellfish cocktail, paté or smoked salmon) and finish with a cold "prepared" dessert.

Don't unless you are superbly self-confident try out a new dish for a dinner party. Stick to things that you can make without panic. Better to maintain your reputation with a few specialities de la maison than to flop with something new.

Never serve anything exactly as it comes from the tin. Tinned spinach, beaten into a white sauce and garnished with little crescents of fried bread, tinned peas, heated with a little chopped lettuce, chopped onions and bacon lightly sautéd in butter are far from commonplace, yet take only a few minutes to prepare.

Forget the unimportant conventions and allow guests to help themselves as far as possible. For instance, a loaf on the table for cutting is no offence to good appetites if it stands on an attractive board.

Focus On The Yoke

Short Sleeved Blouse

MATERIALS : 5 oz. Lister's Lavenda, 2-ply, in white; 1 pair each of No. 14 and No. 9 knitting needles; 1 crochet hook (No. 15); 1 fine zip fastener 4 ins. long; 1 pair small shoulder pads.

MEASUREMENT: 36-in. to 38-in. bust.

TENSION: 8 sts. to 1 in. and 9 rows to 1 in. approximately.

BACK

With No. 14 needles, cast on 130 sts. Work in rib 3½ ins. (56 rows) as follows : **1st row.**—K. 1, *, k. 1, p. 1 ; rep. from * to end, k. last st. **2nd row.**—K. 1, * k. 1, p. 1, (k. into back of k. sts. to give a twisted effect) ; rep. from * to end ; k. last st. End with twisted side facing. Inc. to 138 sts. in next row as follows : inc. in the 9th and every following 16th st. to end. Change to No. 9 needles and work in st.st. (k. 1 row, p. 1 row), inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of 9th row and every following 8th row until there are 152 sts. and 9 ins. (85 rows) or desired length. End p. row

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows ; dec. 1 st. at beg. of next 6 rows (124 sts.). Work until 31 rows from beg. of armhole. End p. row. (*Continued on page 72*)

ABBREVIATIONS.—K. = knit ; p. = purl ; rep. = repeat ; patt. = pattern ; beg. = beginning ; inc. = increase by knitting or purling twice into same stitch ; dec. = decrease by taking two sts. together ; st.st. = stocking stitch ; tog. = together ; wfd. = wool forward ; p.s.s.o. = pass slip stitch over ; cross = pass the point of the right-hand needle through the first stitch and draw the second stitch through and knit it. Now knit into the back of the missed stitch. Cable 3 bk. = slip first stitch on to a spare needle and pass to back of work, k. 2, replace stitch from spare needle and p. it. Cable 3 ft. = slip first 2 stitches on to a spare needle and leave at front of work, p. 1, replace 2 stitches from spare needle and k. them. Cable 6 = slip first 3 stitches on to a spare needle and pass to back of work, k. 3, then k. 3 sts. from spare needle.

Long Sleeved Jumper

MATERIALS: 9 oz. Templeton's Opalsheen in green, Shade No. 2740; knitting needles No. 10 and No. 12; press studs.

MEASUREMENTS: Length from shoulder, 20 ins.; width all round at underarm, 34 ins.; sleeve seam, 20 ins.

TENSION: 7½ sts. to the inch over st.st. worked with No. 10 needles.

THE BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 120 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1, for 3½ ins. Change to No. 10 needles and continue in st.st., inc. at each end of every 8th row for 6 times (132 sts.). Continue straight until work measures 11 ins. from the cast-on edge, then commence yoke patt. thus :

1st row (wrong side of work).—* K. 1, p. 10, k. 1 ; rep. from * to end. **2nd row.**—* P. 2, k. 8, p. 2 ; rep. from * to end. **3rd row.**—* K. 3, p. 6, k. 3 ; rep. from * to end. **4th row.**—* P. 4, k. 4, p. 4 ; rep. from * to end. **5th row.**—* K. 4, p. 4, k. 4 ; rep. from * to end. **6th row.**—* P. 3, cable 3 bk., cable 3 ft., p. 3 ; rep. from * to end.

7th row.—* K. 3, p. 2, k. 2, p. 2, k. 3 ; rep. from * to end. **8th row.**—* P. 2, cable 3 bk., p. 2, cable 3 ft., p. 2 ; rep. from * to end. **9th row.**—* K. 2, p. 2, k. 4, p. 2, k. 2 ; rep. from * to end. **10th row.**—* P. 1, cable 3 bk., p. 4, cable 3 ft., p. 1 ; rep. from * to end. **11th row.**—* K. 1, p. 2, k. 6, p. 2, k. 1 ; rep. from * to end. **12th row.**—K. 3, * p. 2, cross, p. 2, cable 6 ; rep. from * to last 9, p. 2, cross, p. 2, k. 3. **13th row.**—* P. 3, k. 2, p. 2, k. 2, p. 3 ; rep. from * to end. **14th row.**—Cast off 8, (loop on needle), * cable 6, p. 2, cross, p. 2 ; rep. from * to last 3, k. 3. **15th row.**—Cast (*Continued on page 72*)

Good Evening

FLOATING, finely pleated royal blue net makes the skirt of Susan Small's enchanting dress for dinner or dancing. The white guipure lace blouse has a halter neck with a low-cut back. Brilkies' black moiré, on the right of it, has a fitted jacket to transform it into a practical afternoon dress. The full-skirted gown by the same designer has blue or pink flowers on a black white ground. The little girl's party dress is a woven check poult trimmed with Swiss broderie anglaise. (Kiddie-clothes.) The evening shoes and matching handbag in gold veiled with fine black lace are by Dolcis. Norvic make the black open sandal with diamanté strapping.

Send a stamped envelope for particulars of retailers to BRITANNIA AND EVE *Fashion Department, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.*

Without

A SURVEY OF COSMETICS

TO look lovely all the time and specially lovely on special occasions is an ideal which clever make-up makes a practical possibility. Cosmetics will, in fact, conceal any minor blemishes which might rob a party make-up of the acme of perfection.

At all other times, skin blemishes should be treated, but for a special occasion they must be concealed. A protective lotion applied to the skin, beneath the make-up, will safeguard the complexion against any ill-effects.

FOR the make-up itself, there is an entirely new cream-type foundation which will provide perfect concealment of skin blemishes. Its unique stick form makes it quick and easy to apply as it is stroked lightly on to the face and blended smoothly to give a natural look to the complexion. It is made in five harmony colours with face powder to match to suit the main complexion colour groups.

Another new cream-type foundation provides the

Sunshine Substitute

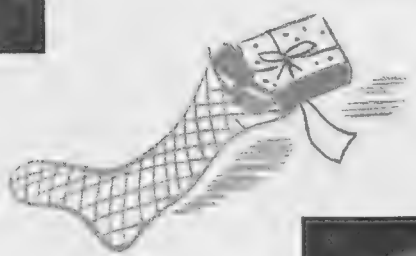
LACK of sunshine is a real enough factor in winter health, but it can hardly be made responsible for the transmutation from glowing vitality to shivering existence which happens to many of us at the onslaught of winter. Is there, in fact, any evidence to show that it is impossible to maintain as high a standard of good health in winter as in summer?

Before rushing in to cite all the epidemics of 'flu, bronchial colds and winter ailments which can make the cold months so unendurable, it is as well to dispose of some of the prejudices with regard to seasonal infections. There are probably as many germs around in the warm weather as there are in the cold—perhaps more, for the incidence of some infections, the dreaded poliomyelitis being one, falls sharply with the first cold snap. If more people succumb to colds and other minor infections in the cold months, it is not necessarily because of increased risks of infection, but because of a decreased power of resistance.

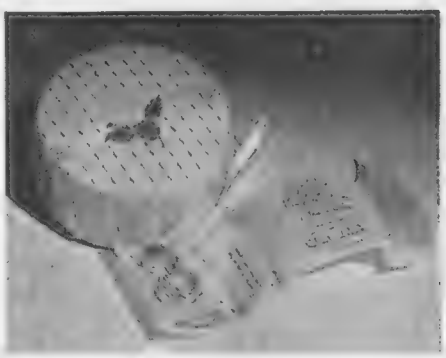
WITH memories of annually sniffling through December, January and February, it may be difficult to believe that it is quite *difficult* to catch cold, but the heroic human guinea pigs who volunteered for an experiment in the treatment of the common cold certainly found it so. They flouted every rule against "catching their death of cold" including paddling in an icy stream, without the flicker of a temperature. Not that anyone would recommend such foolhardy behaviour except in the interests of science, but it does prove that cold, sunless weather is not alone responsible for all the winter ailments.

The changeover from summer activities to winter ones must have repercussions on health. A walk is none the less health-giving for being taken under grey skies instead of blue, yet the summer over, most people shut down on all forms of outdoor exercise until the next year. Instead of a set of tennis they spend an evening in the overheated atmosphere of the fireside or cinema and retire to bed fatigued, not with physical exercise, but with lack of pure oxygen.

SIMILARLY with food, cold weather makes less palatable the fruit and salad diet which contributed to the state of well-being in the summer. The temptation to cut out salad lunches in favour of suet puddings which appear so much more warming cannot be succumbed to, without risk of consequences. Lack of exercise and fresh air, fatigue and an unbalanced diet all undermine the resistance to infection and it is by constant attention to these health factors that the bogy of sunshine starvation in winter can best be disposed of.



For Your



Charles of the Ritz presentation box and gift voucher entitling the recipient to face powder blended to suit her own colouring. Not only will the shade be right for wear now, but when summer darkens the complexion tint, the box can be taken back for the necessary adjustments to be made

Cussons bath luxuries, perfumed with Linden Blossom, which will linger fragrantly on, long after Christmas is past and forgotten. A classic gift that is always acceptable, and a particularly good choice for gifts destined for hazardous transit by mail

Personality soap, "a little gift" that is a beauty treatment in itself. Highly refined turtle oil milled into the soap during manufacture, acts as a beauty milk in use. As daintily packed as it is lovely to use, dusting powder by Goya is a new addition to the list of gift suggestions

A Blemish

AND PRACTICAL AIDS TO BEAUTY

perfect dressing for a skin that is not over oily and yet tends to shininess. This is a tinted make-up base of a non-drying type which gives an extra matt finish to shiny skins.

PREPARATORY treatment of the skin will smooth away fatigue lines or remove discoloration. A refreshing cream mask will bring new beauty to a tired face, suitable for use on all types of skin. This is ideal for a pre-party treatment as it is so quickly effective.

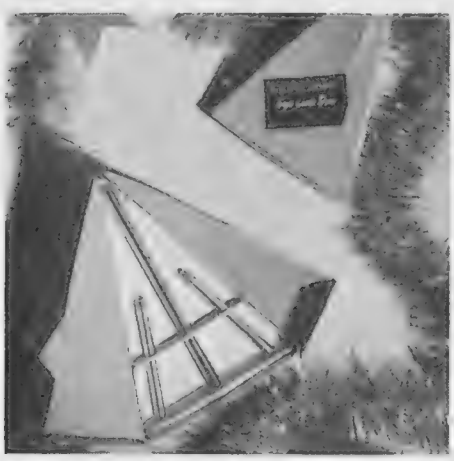
For rather more obstinate lines, there is an anti-wrinkle cream which will smooth the complexion while you rest or take your bath before the party. When the cream is removed, the skin will feel fresh and dewy ready for make-up.

A TWENTY-MINUTE pack with natural bleaching properties will deal with an out-dated and not quite faded tan wherever it may appear to spoil the creamy whiteness of the skin on shoulders, neck or face. At a cost of only 3s. it is possible to use it lavishly!

A really expensive perfume is a morale-raiser second to none, but personal flower freshness is an essential basis for its use. A new form of combined deodorant and anti-perspirant will give twenty-four hour protection. Application is made easy and economical as the container is itself a de-luxe spray incorporating an atomizing nozzle. The liquid is quick drying and perfectly harmless to skin and fabric.

SUPERFLUOUS hair is a blemish that cannot be tolerated. Where the growth is fine, bleaching is the best way of rendering it invisible. Otherwise, good grooming can, in most cases, be achieved with an occasional depilatory treatment and a new preparation makes light of this tedious beauty chore. This new wax depilatory does not involve elaborate preparation in the form of heating, etc. It is quick and simple to use, and can be safely applied to delicate skin.

Stocking



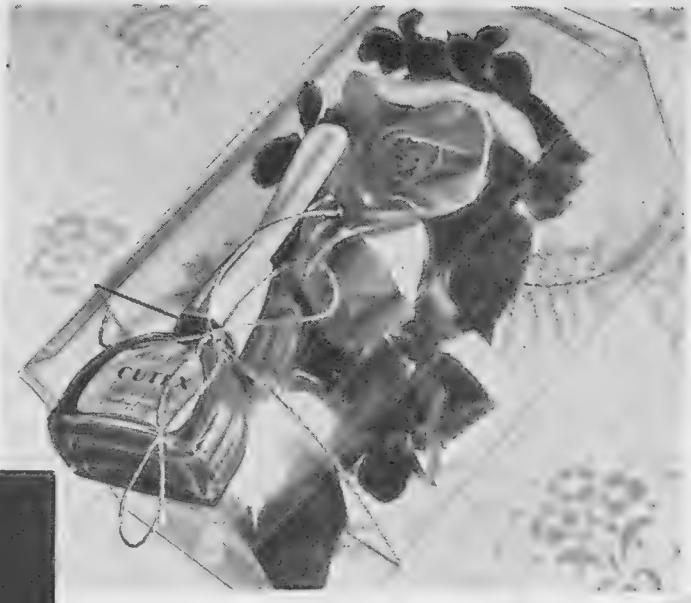
Eye Line Duo, something quite new by Gala, containing an eye line case with an eye shadow and eyebrow pencil refill which are interchangeable. This is a new eye make-up technique, on the same principle as the lip line, which can be applied with exquisite precision

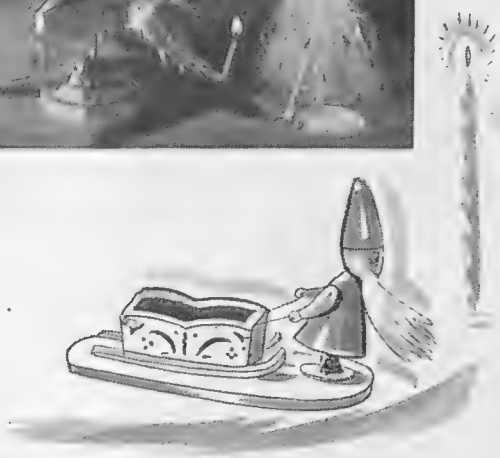
Ebe Bath Preparations in two alternative forms. The bath flowers are prettily coloured and tied as a posy in a Cellophane box make an acceptable and inexpensive gift. The bath powder, in frosted-glass flacon, perfumes and tints the water

Chen Yu nail colour and lipstick, presented to compete in glamour with more expensive gifts. This lovely pack contains a nail lacquer and matching lipstick and can be obtained in ten beautiful shades

Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.





Finishing

MORE than feasting and the giving and receiving of presents goes to make the sum total of Christmas. The true spirit of the season is inherent in those personal touches, in part traditional and in part the expression of warmth and goodwill which give the festival its nostalgic character.

The warmth of personal feeling implicit in a gift is as forcibly expressed in the manner of its presentation as in the gift itself. Interflora suggest using the eloquence of flowers to give that touch of intimacy to a gift. As an example of packaging the small gift, a bottle of Cutex nail varnish is attached to a nosegay of pink roses and violets, above. On the right, opposite, Yardley's luxurious Cosmetic Gift Box assumes even more glamour surmounted with a fragrant corsage of yellow roses, gentians and white heather attached with a glistening ribbon.

For the Christmas table a flower centre-piece always holds its own. On the left is

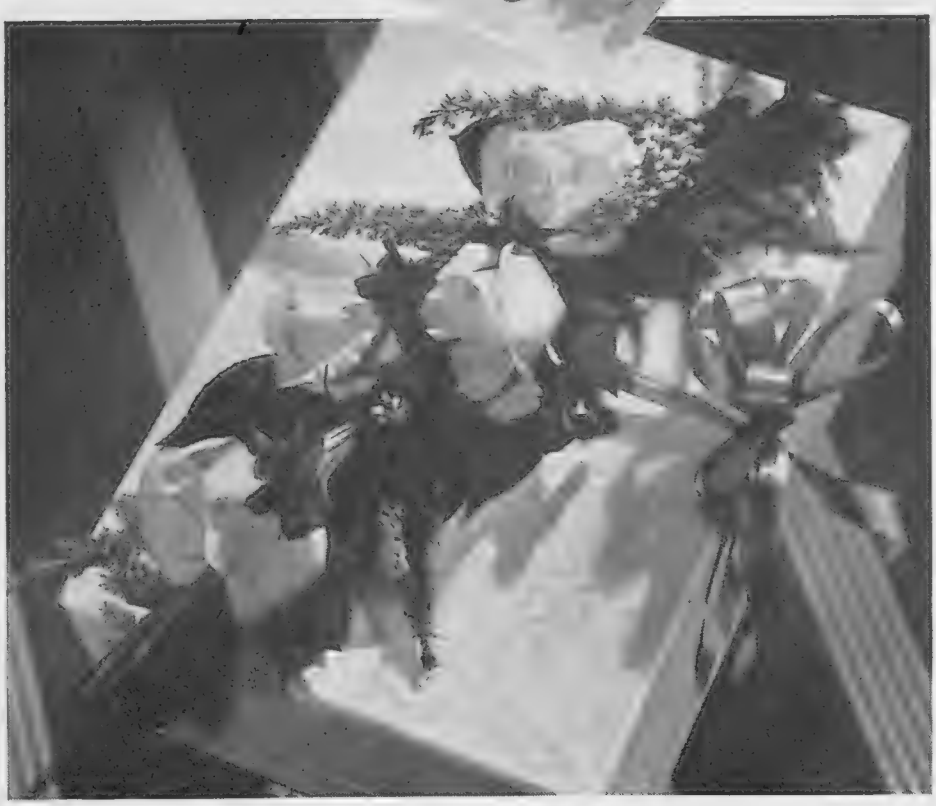
Touches

a seasonal variation of the classic theme in roses, carnations, holly and heather devised by Interflora.

Another table arrangement, simple enough and yet effective, is at the top of the page. Crackers and tinsel are brought to life by little plaster figures of choristers and angels bearing lighted candles. From Heals.

When the more elaborate greeting card represents too great an expense the simple gaiety of bright colours with snow and holly in the traditional theme, like the cards illustrated from the famous Classic series, have a perfect atmospheric appeal.

Other decorative novelties for the table and the house come with the lighted Christmas tree and dainty fairy, left, at Heals. The initial menu holders, and the Santa candle-holder, below, and the larger frosted cone candles and holders at the top of the page are from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street.



GATEAU DE NOEL

Christmas Dainties

CERTAIN things about Christmas remain the same year by year, and these are so traditionally fixed that it would seem like sacrilege to alter the preparation of the turkey, plum pudding or cake. But there is one thing, however, where we can display originality each season and that is in the setting of the table. A suggestion for this year would be to make an evening star as shown in the photograph. A silver cake board forms the centre and lengths of tinsel the points of the star. On the cake board place a gateau and fill the points with sweets, savoury snacks, etc. The following are ideas for the dainties to go into the star.

GATEAU DE NOEL

Ingredients: 1 small tin orange slices in syrup (or other fruit); 1 large madeira cake; mock cream; water icing; almonds, cherries, angelica, rum (optional); desiccated coconut, apricot jam; fairy doll.

Scoop out centre of cake nearly to bottom without breaking. Cut a round off cut-out portion to make a platform for doll. Spread jam all over sides of cake and roll in desiccated coconut until well covered. Line bottom of the well with orange slices. Add a little rum or rum flavouring. Prepare a jelly from a half packet of orange jelly, using syrup from oranges, making up the amount required with water. When nearly set pour on to oranges. Ice top of cake with thick water icing, dipping over edge like

Toasting the Bird

THE touch of poetry for the Christmas dinner comes with the choice of a wine. The connoisseur will have it that the before-dinner cocktail is sacrilege and renders the palate insensitive to the subtle flavours to follow. If you wish to test the validity of this claim replace the cocktails with an apéritif wine. A light white wine such as Graves or Chablis is excellent. Sherry is a good choice, too, but it should be of the lighter, dryer variety.

With turkey, chicken or any white flesh bird, champagne is unsurpassed. There are very palatable champagnes to be had from 21s. a bottle. A more economical choice can be made from the hocks which cost from 12s. to 21s., a bottle of Chablis is available from 10s. to 15s.

Many of the Algerian white wines are good and inexpensive, but consult your wine merchant as to the best of his stock as these wines vary considerably in quality and need to be selected by an expert.

With goose or duck serve a red wine either Burgundy or Bordeaux. Beaune costs from 7s. 6d. to 22s. a bottle and, among the Bordeaux a Médoc or a St. Emilion are both from 12s. to 15s.

WATER LILY CAKE

snow. Ice top of platform. Prepare thick mock cream flavoured with orange and rum. Mix in a few sliced almonds and chopped cherries. Pile on top of oranges. Set platform on top; seat the fairy on platform before it sets. Decorate the border with holly, robins, toadstools made with half cherries on spikes of angelica and so on.

WATER LILY CAKE

Ingredients: 6½ oz. of flour; ¾ teaspoonful Bird's Golden Raising Powder; 4 oz. margarine; 4 oz. castor sugar; 2 eggs; 1 tablespoonful coffee essence; 2 to 3 tablespoonfuls milk; 2 oz. roasted almonds.

Method: Cream the fat and sugar until white and creamy. Beat in the coffee essence. Sieve the flour and golden raising powder. Add the well-beaten eggs by degrees to the creamed mixture, beating thoroughly between each addition of egg. Lightly add the flour and thoroughly mix alternately with milk. Put the mixture into a six-inch cake tin lined with greaseproof paper. Bake in a moderately hot oven for 1½ hours. When cold decorate with coffee butter icing and roasted almonds.

COFFEE BUTTER ICING

Ingredients: 4 oz. margarine; 6 oz. sieved icing sugar; 2 teaspoonfuls coffee essence.

Method: Cream the margarine, add the sugar by degrees, beating until smooth and creamy, then add the coffee essence.

STUFFED DATES AND CRYSTALLIZED GINGER

To fill ginger, cut side with a knife and force open a little. Fill with a little of cream mixture from gateau or coffee butter icing with finely-chopped roasted nuts added. Same fillings are good with dates or a savoury filling of peanut butter with grated cheese on top.

MARSHMALLOW PINCUSHIONS AND LEMON PENNIES

Ingredients: ½ lb. shortbread mixture made with 6 oz. flour; 2 oz. semolina; 2 oz. castor sugar; 4 oz. margarine.

Roll out half mixture about ¼ in. thick; stamp out small rounds about 1½ ins. across. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 325° F. about 20 minutes. Flavour remaining mixture with grated rind and juice of half a lemon. Roll out, stamp out rounds the size of pennies, bake with other rounds. Take plain rounds when cold and hard; put a dab of jam in centre with a marshmallow on top. Coat with melted down plain chocolate or thick chocolate icing. When set, stud with silver balls like pins.

SAVOURY JUMBLES

Half pound of pastry as for cheese straws. Flavour a little with celery salt, and some of mixture with tomato ketchup. Roll out wafer thin. Stamp out in fancy shapes.

Roll out the remaining mixture ⅛ in. thick; cut small squares, spread with meat extract; roll up and bake. When cold decorate with savoury butter.

by Harriet Muir

Wine in Cooking

THE use of a little wine for flavouring sweet dishes is quite a commonplace, but comparatively few realize what an asset a little wine can be for savoury dishes. Even commonplace foods take on a new subtlety of flavour with the addition of wine or a wine-flavoured sauce, and since such a small quantity is required and the most inexpensive varieties of wine are suitable for the job, wine cookery cannot be called an extravagance.

ROLLED SOLE (or any white fish fillets) IN WINE SAUCE

Wash and roll fillets and lay in a shallow fireproof dish. Skin and chop finely 2 shallots; sprinkle over fish, add seasoning and a pinch of mixed herbs. Pour over a glass of white wine, adding just enough water to cover the fish. Cook gently in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 325° F. till tender. Strain liquor into a small pan. Keep fish warm. Beat yolk of an egg; stir very gradually into liquor. Thicken over low flame, avoiding boiling. If available, add a few chopped cooked mushrooms and a squeeze of lemon. Pour over fish and garnish.

This sauce blends well with creamed fish to make vol au vent; to pour round fish dariolles or, for a fish pudding, mix a little in with the flaked fish, steam the pudding, turn out, cover top with crumbled egg yolk and pour some of sauce round.

ROAST MUTTON WITH WINE SAUCE

Cut slices from a leg of roast mutton. Prepare ½ pint of brown sauce. Lay meat in casserole; cover with sauce; cover and heat through gently in the oven. Skin and slice a small onion and fry in a little margarine till light brown. Add a tin of beans in tomato sauce and a wineglassful of white wine such as Chablis; season. Pour in sauce from meat and mix in. Arrange mutton on a dish, cover with sauce and beans. Sprinkle over with chopped parsley. Garnish with fancy pastry shapes and baked tomatoes. Serve with chipped potatoes.

CHICKEN AND MUSHROOM SAVOURY

Make a herb forcemeat with 4 oz. crumbs, 1½ oz. suet, squeeze of lemon, seasoning, 2 oz. minced ham, milk or egg to bind. Shape into small squares and fry. Fry together with a dozen chopped mushrooms and a finely-shredded shallot and chopped chicken liver. Prepare about a gill of tomato sauce, add fried ingredients and a few scraps of chicken diced. Add a tablespoonful of sherry or dry cider. Heat through, spread small squares of fried bread with the mixture. Place a square of forcemeat in centre of each with sprig of parsley on top. Border squares with tiny sprigs of parsley.

Pets for Presents

A puppy, a baby alligator or a bird in a gilded cage might solve the question of the hour: "What to give?"

PETS presents are solving more and more of the knotty problems of giving a Christmas thrill to small people who are surfeited with toys and blasé about books. Even grown-ups are known to respond with delight to the growing fashion for "live" gifts. In fact pet-shop keepers are puzzled to keep up with the demand. The tortoise is the pet of the moment (one dealer has recently imported twenty thousand from Casablanca and still wants more) which may or may not be a significant commentary on our increasing revolt against the tempo of our times.

A nice thing about the pet present is that it can be shared. Chosen with tact, a pet solves the problem of a present for a whole family. Tact enters the picture when you decide between giving the Jones's a baby alligator, twenty-five guineas and guaranteed to live a hundred years, or a lethargic tortoise, 12s. 6d. and equally capable of becoming the Oldest Retainer. By the way, if you choose the tortoise inquire into his antecedents. All the best tortoises come from North Africa.

BUDGERIGARS are hot favourites. The best is a green-coloured male bird costing upwards from three guineas for a good specimen. Although birds of other plumage can be coaxed to talk, green varieties are by far the most willing to learn and in contrast to the human species the male bird is the more loquacious. Pairs of budgerigars are seldom heard to utter. Conversational prowess comes best to gentlemen who live alone.

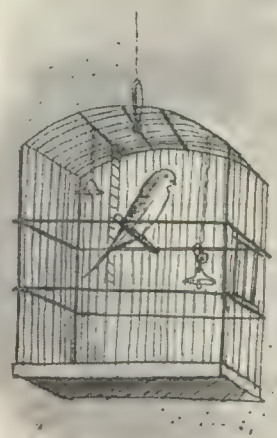
A Christmas gift of real elegance and luxury comes in a decorated basket with a Siamese kitten nestling in the fluffy lining. Siamese are running neck and neck with tortoises as favourites just now. Their appeal to grown-ups is enhanced by their adaptability to flat dwelling. You can buy a Siamese beauty in a basket for six guineas.

Age seems to have no connection with the current fancy for the rare and beautiful South African lizard (another six guineas worth). Men and small boys are said by the pet-shop people to enthuse about their strange movements and intricate markings. The "Lord Derby" variety, more popularly known as the "sun-gazer," is quite literally creeping into the affection of many owners. Depending how you look at the lizard as a pet, he is a colourful and amusing little creature, and docile!

FOR small boys and girls with indulgent parents there is, of course, an infinite variety of small pets at a small cost. White mice are about two shillings each, rabbits and guinea pigs are around five shillings. The parental objection to the smell of these little creatures, so beloved of children, can be overcome by bedding them on sawdust instead of straw. Hamsters and mice reside very happily in boxes well lined with sawdust, so long as they are kept out of draughts.

Parrots are practically heirlooms since the price of them has soared in such a spectacular way. If you think in terms of fifty or a hundred guineas you can give a parrot for Christmas and at that price he may be guaranteed to talk.

On the other hand three guineas will buy a singing canary. The cage is additional to this, of course, and some of them are very beautiful and provide a decorative asset to a room along with the endearing occupant. In any case it is wise and kind to provide a canary with a large cage. These pretty birds should not be encouraged from their cages as they are attracted by light, and in flying round a room are apt to dash themselves against windows and lighting fixtures.



Poodles are still popular with women who wear their dogs as accessories but a winsome mongrel pup is equally capable of bringing delight to recipients of any age who are blessed by a real affinity with animals.

Elizabeth Arden

For Her Christmas

Perfumair holding Blue Grass, My Love or Night and Day Perfume, leak-proof for the purse, 20/9. Three Perfumairs in case, 62/6

Blue Grass Hand Lotion, fragrant, soothing, creamy, tinted pale blue, gift wrapped, 7/6

Travel Case in simulated lizard or crocodile, mirror lid, jewellery compartment, with 12 favourite preparations, £12.15.0

Blue Grass Perfume, the light, fresh scent that is universally beloved, 52/6—5 gns.

Blue Grass Soap and **Dusting Powder,** 16/3. **June Geranium Soap** and **Rose Geranium Dusting Powder,** 15/3
Bath Salts in transparent containers, 13/9

Blue Grass Gift Box containing Dusting Powder and Blue Grass Hand Lotion, 22/6

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The Balinese Comb

(*Continued from page 26*)

curtains, and so little space they were both conscious of having politely to look the other way. Helen, with the vague notion that East-of-Suez Europeans always dressed for dinner, had brought in her hand luggage a full-length dress of bold oblique striped satin taffeta. It was strapless and very sophisticated, but fortunately there was an attachable top to convert it to bridge party modesties. With a considerable contortion, she contrived to fasten it at the back without assistance.

David appeared a little taken aback at the dress, even in its full modesty.

"I thought we'd just stay at home to-night," he said.

She tried to meet this airily. "That's worth dressing for, too, isn't it?"

But she had to admit to herself, I'm giving a pretty picture of the girl from Tooting who thinks the East is like a film in Technicolor.

With the sudden fall of darkness, a silence had descended upon the plantations, so abruptly it was like a lull. Then, as they began dinner, the night became full of the croaking of frogs on the river. The noise was harsh and insistent and without cease. It made conversation more of an effort than ever.

She told him, dutifully and with only half her mind on what she was saying, about their families and friends at home, until they escaped at last from the primly formal look of the dining-table. In the lounge, seated at opposite sides of the open, screened windows, they abandoned the attempt.

Seeking a handkerchief in the bedroom, she paused to remove the detachable top of her dress. Her bare shoulders relished their freedom, they gleamed palely in the mirror, they looked oddly unfamiliar. Then she caught sight of the comb the girl at Singapore had given her. On an impulse she unpinned her hair, pulled it tautly smooth to one side of her head and piled it on top as she had seen the native women do, fastening it with the jewelled comb. The small and questionable rubies glittered under the light. The comb gave her an exotic look.

So fatale ! she thought, amused and suspecting her motive. Was it perhaps the defensive reaction of a woman ignored?

She moved quietly back through the curtain into the sitting-room, and, still mocking herself, essayed a modest and tentative undulation in her gait.

David, stretched out in the low cane chair, heard the rustle of the taffeta and glanced up. At once a startled look came into his eyes.

She waited, motionless, a nerve fluttering in her throat. He did not shift his gaze and the expression in her eyes filled her now with a vague uneasiness.

"Helen," he said. "Helen, it is you, isn't it?"

The words were spoken in a scarcely audible whisper.

"David !" Her brief laugh was uncertain. "You look as if you were seeing a ghost !"

He passed a hand in front of his eyes, and then all her fears rushed to the surface of her mind. She dropped on her knees beside his chair.

"David, what's happened to you since you came here?"

How was he to explain Loueen to his wife, when he was not sure himself how much of what had happened had only happened in his imagination?

He first saw her in Singapore halfway through his second year in Malaya. This was after he had worked for eighteen months in the place of a man killed by terrorists. Then, after a bad bout of malaria, a relief had finally been sent him and he had gone south for a rest.

His first glimpse of Singapore society was, in fact, of Loueen Grant lunching in the Yacht Club. Whether she always excited talk he didn't know—that would not have taken much effort of a pretty young woman in a city where the ratio of men to women was so stimulating—but his companion that day began at once to speak of her with relish. David however scarcely heard him. It was for a different and quite personal reason that he stared at the girl. She bore a most remarkable resemblance to his wife.

That, at least, was his first thought. Subsequently, he told himself again and again that he was imagining it. It could have been a trick of his mind, after such long isolation and his illness. He might have been projecting the vision of his wife into the features of another woman.

But it was more than in the features. As the girl in the Yacht Club stood up and turned aside, he felt he was looking at a familiar figure that could have been his wife's. He wanted to rush forward and search her face for the contradiction of his fancy. Yet he could not have moved. He felt weighted down in his chair by a sense of impotence—and was it also of premonition?

There was one moment when their glances met across the room. David, looking into those clear and untroubled eyes (with the quizzical lift of one eyebrow that was a trick of Helen's) searched for a sign, of what he didn't know, of annoyance perhaps; that would have served. Instead he saw a smile beginning that brought the blood pounding to his heart. A moment later the girl turned away with her friends and disappeared from his sight.

He returned to the club that evening, of course.

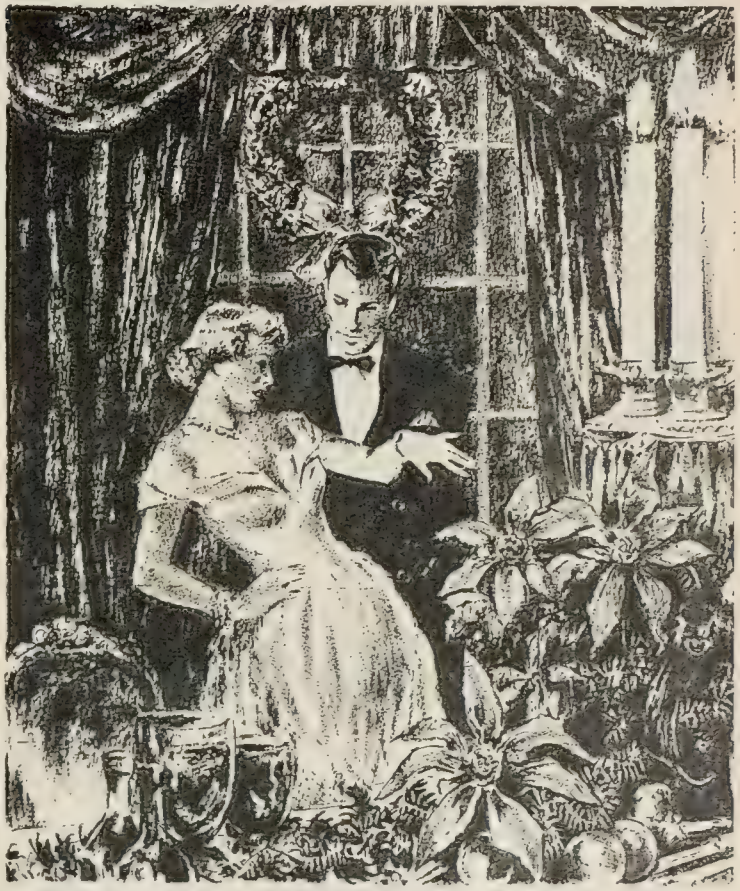
The idea was tantalizing, that if he could only get near to her he would discover that she did not really resemble Helen at all. At lunch-time it had surely been some play of light and shadow.

Tantalizing. . . . He found himself making a tour of Singapore night-life, searching for her. Very late, he found her in a club where he and Loueen's party were the only English guests.

He knew one of her companions. He approached and was introduced. They danced. And it might have been Helen in his arms.

It might have been Helen until she (*Continued on page 60*)

TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS



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Swiss craftsmen have been dedicated to this art of the watch for three hundred years. In each century new knowledge has been gained, new improvements made. And each improvement, each advance in technical skill, has been passed on from fathers to sons for fourteen generations.

This is why the watchmanship of the Swiss is acknowledged to be the finest in the world. This is why we can say that the fine Swiss watch you buy today took three hundred years to make. It is certain to be a more accurate watch—a watch that will last longer—a watch you can really rely on.

To qualify as a "Complete Watchmaker" in Switzerland, the student must first make a watch entirely by hand, fashioning each tiny wheel, spring and screw with tools he has made himself. And this watch must not vary more than four seconds in twenty-four hours!

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spoke. Her voice was lower in key and so husky as to be almost, but not quite, unattractive.

"Why did you give me so much of your attention in the Yacht Club to-day?" she asked.

She regarded him with cool curiosity.

"I've been looking for you everywhere to-night," he said, without thinking.

"Why?"

He might just as easily have told her the truth. That would have put their relationship at once on an easier footing. What made him hedge? He still wasn't sure that he wasn't being crazy.

"I haven't seen—a girl like you—for a long time," he said. "You—you're very lovely."

"I spend a lot of time trying to give the impression," Loueen admitted.

She was really so unlike Helen as to be her opposite.

"Does this mean that you are going to give me what we call the ten-days' rush, while you're in Singapore?" she asked, meeting his eyes again.

"Why ten days?"

"That's all the up-country estates men usually have on leave."

"It's all I have."

"I have a date to-morrow night," she said.

"Dates can be broken."

She looked up again with that direct, slowly appraising glance. "Yes," she said. "So they can."

LOUEEN GRANT had been in Malaya when the Japanese occupied the country. She had been married then and her young husband had died at Japanese hands before they were separated. At the end of the war she had had no desire to return to England. Her uncle, who was a big planter, had joined her.

"And I've become a social worker in Singapore," she told David Carrington. "I work my way from one party to the next."

They took dinner and danced in a restaurant by the beach. She wore a simple shantung dress, almost girlish; it seemed to accentuate the air of worldliness she gave herself. Then because it was so hot, he drove her in the car he had borrowed, up to the wooded citadel heights. They parked on the edge of a bluff and sat looking out at the dully-gleaming metallic sea.

By then he was wholly fascinated by Loueen Grant and not so much by her likeness to his wife as by the utterly different person she was.

His silence, his contentment with just looking at her, must have affected Loueen. She laughed softly in the darkness.

"You're a funny old stick, aren't you?"

"You mean—because I don't kiss you?"

"Because you don't try to."

"We could remedy that."

"No. Play it your way."

He turned at once and started the motor. He made no mention of seeing her again as they drove back. But she had spoken of spending her mornings on the beach, and he knew, the moment he wakened that next morning, that he was going to look for her again.

She was the most noticeable figure at the lido. She wore the most distinctively abbreviated beach-wear. And she was surrounded by the beachcombers. David swam out to a raft and sat there watching her from the distance.

Presently she removed herself from her companions and swam out to join him. They greeted each other with a brief "Hallo." She sat beside him, dangling her brown legs in the water, and was surprisingly quiet.

Her hair, drying in the sun, had lost its sophistication. She wore it tied loosely at the back of the neck like a native. Beside his, her tanned body looked relaxed and curiously ingenuous. He felt at once a pleasant intimacy with her, as if she were indeed his wife.

She said, "Come to my party to-night." And without waiting for an answer, slipped into the water and swam with clean, strong strokes towards the shore.

He did not go to her party. Instead he made arrangements to fly back north the next day But by midnight his nerves were jarring. He took a rickshaw along the road to her uncle's villa.

As he dismissed the boy, he was astonished to see the house in darkness. He was turning away when, his eyes growing accustomed to the dark, he saw the white figure on the sun-porch of the first floor. He was immediately certain that it was Loueen, though she made no move or sound as he approached the house.

He put his toe into some wooden trellis work and climbed up. In the darkness he heard her soft laugh.

"I willed you to come," she said. She was in his arms, her mouth close to his. "I got rid of the others early. I waited for you."

He had a confused impression that he had stepped beyond the edge of reality. There was something unnatural, unreal, about the whole affair, about her, a kind of malevolent glee in the face upturned to his. Her likeness to Helen now seemed distorted. . . . He might have been looking at Helen's other self.

He left Singapore the next morning.

A FORTNIGHT later, he was working at his desk in the late afternoon, when Loueen was shown in. Clumsily, like a man half-dazed, he struggled to his feet. She perched herself on the corner of his desk, facing him.

"You know, Davie, it's curiosity more than anything. I'm so curious about you I can't leave you alone. I persuaded my uncle to bring me with him on his tour of inspection."

He found himself thinking, I could kill her. (*Continued on page 62*)

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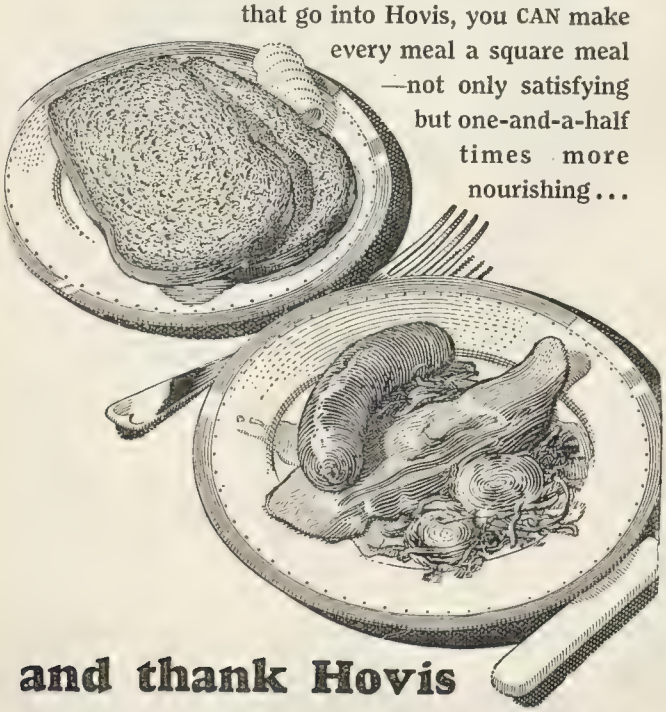

and thank Hovis
for that

The thought startled him. But he could not banish it. Was this how the seed of murder was implanted? He shook his head savagely. It was crazy to think like that. The heat must be getting him down. . .

Loueen had moved to the door.

"I'll be at your club to-night," she said. That was all.

When the screen door swung to behind her, he brought his hand across his eyes as though to brush aside some veil. She had come and gone so abruptly, he was left again with the strange feeling that he might only have dreamt her visit. His shirt was clinging damply to his back. Had he started another fever? Was he delirious?

He stood at the bar that night watching the other eight unattached men manoeuvring into Loueen's corner and he reasoned with himself that the heat had induced a state of mind in which he exaggerated everything that happened. What he needed was to numb his imagination with a moderate dosage of alcohol. He had already passed his usual limit and it was becoming obvious to him that Loueen Grant was an ordinary enough girl who had been too long in the tropics, who gave herself wicked airs, and who was probably afraid of being alone. If she happened still to resemble Helen, that was pure coincidence. It couldn't be anything more. . . .

With firm decision, he set down his empty glass and sauntered out of the club. He did not even glance in her direction. And he did not hear her soft running footsteps till she was at his elbow.

"I thought you'd never make a move," she whispered breathlessly. She slipped her bare arm through his. "What sort of house have you got, Davie?"

"It is visible from the club veranda," he said, without turning his head. "And they all know that I live alone—and that I am a married man."

"They'd still expect you to be hospitable to a visitor."

He hesitated, one foot on the veranda. Her eyes mocked him.

"Come in, then," he said and opened the door for her.

He poured out a couple of drinks, switched on the fan. She moved about the room, examining his few possessions and he did not look at her, yet was aware of all she did. She was wearing a loose white dress, it clung softly to her figure as she moved, and her brown shoulders rose from it in warm and voluptuous curves. She exuded vitality and superb assurance.

"I bought a comb from a merchant on the way up," she was saying. "I'm going to try it. Is this your bedroom?"

She left an uneasy stillness in the room and the house seemed full of her, the small murmur of her dress, and her perfume. He was aware, obliquely, of the drums beating in the distance, and a nerve throbbed in his head in curious unison. He watched her coming from the inner room.

She had drawn her hair taut and gleaming off her brow and piled it on her head with the comb as the Malay women did. The comb was of the kind he had seen the native women wearing on feast days, an ornate formalistic thing studded with rubies. The stones caught fire in the light. There were lights in her hair, too, and her eyes, as she stood poised, holding her body in insolent lines, were brilliant.

"Lovely, isn't it? It's Balinese, not Malay. The women of Bali wear them as a symbol of chastity after they are married."

She laughed softly, but as he did not respond, she seated herself some distance from him, and half in shadow. She began to speak in a low voice, but with a quiet insistence. All he could see, as she went on, was the faint gleam of her eyes and the winking fire of the comb.

"My uncle wants to go back to England," she was saying, "and there's only one thing will save me from that. You could, David. It would be a pity, anyway, if the estates went to a stranger. They should be run by my husband, if I had one. They're big, you know. My uncle has neglected them. We could be rich enough."

It was part of the fantasy, he thought. He felt no surprise at her proposal. He seemed to be listening more attentively to the other sounds, the drums and the throbbing in his head.

"I could persuade him to wait another year," she added, "long enough for you to be free to marry."

He stood up, not with any clear intention. She too rose. She was smiling and he thought, again, she is like Helen's other self.

She stretched out a slim brown arm and touched him on the cheek. It was a brief gesture of possession. Then turning her head towards the mirror, she tugged out the comb and her hair fell loose in a long coil. There was something sensual about the action, it seemed more immodest than it actually was. It might have been symbolic, as the comb was, a gesture of modesty discarded, their bargain sealed.

But he did not make a move. "I'll take you back to the club now," he said, thickly.

Her smile did not falter and when she struck him, he was aware more of her low, exultant laugh than of the stinging of his cheek.

"Go on," she breathed. "Why don't you? Why don't you kill me?"

His hands were on her throat and he had not been conscious of putting them there. He had one last clear thought that the fantasy was perfect. It was inevitable that he must destroy her, or accept his own destruction. She was the evil part of the duality. He reasoned dreamlike as his thoughts were that he must conquer this evil or he would never find Helen.

He was conscious vaguely of a resistance. She cried out, "No David! No!"

He was startled. Was that Helen's voice he had heard? He looked dazedly at the face in front of him. The mocking smile had gone and with it all the evil distortion. It was Helen's face, Helen shocked and horrified by what he was doing. . . .

He did not consciously relax his hands, but she broke free and gasping, backed away from him, turned and tugged open the door, and ran as if pursued down the steps, sobbing as she went.

David Carrington remained where he was, (*Continued on page* 65)

Please yourself . . .

Not long ago, many women indulged in perfume only on special occasions or to please the opposite sex. The modern way is to buy it and use it habitually—to please yourself as well as others. Then it becomes as much a part of your individuality as the turn of your head, the tone of your voice or your taste in clothes

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clenching and unclenching his fists. The nerve had stopped throbbing in his head. He felt almost light-headed with relief, without knowing why. . . .

"DAVID, you look at me as if I were a ghost," Helen said in a hushed voice.

How could he tell her? He reached out and put his arms about her and she clung to him.

"Helen, don't ask questions. Some odd things happen to a man's mind when he's too much alone in this damned country. You used to come into my thoughts a lot—sometimes like in a nightmare."

"Oh, David, did I torment you?"

He did not smile. "In the end you saved me from something—something pretty horrible. I'll try to tell you about it one day."

He suddenly held her away from him as her hair came loose in a soft coil at her neck. He was looking at the floor, where the comb had fallen.

"Where did you get that—that thing?" he asked hoarsely.

"It was a girl at the airport at Singapore—Loueen Grant, she said her name was. She must have heard who I was and she introduced herself and said she knew you. She was on her way back to England and as I was leaving she thrust the comb into my hands. She said something about it being a symbol—a symbol of chastity." Helen paused. "I didn't have time to argue. She was an odd creature, David. Did you know her well?"

He did not seem to have heard the question.

"Helen, did you notice how much she resembled you?" he asked.

Helen laughed. "Well, I only saw her for a few moments, but I don't think she did."

He realized he would never know, for wasn't it true that people rarely discerned any resemblance to themselves in others?

But he also knew it didn't matter. There were some things you shouldn't inquire too deeply into, and if there was a duality of good and evil, if Helen had a counterpart somewhere, the evil had been defeated, dismissed.

END

Where The East Begins

(*Continued from page* 28)

of these, is taken in on the main coastal route. Here goats and mules wander freely among the crowd that gathers on the quayside to watch the boats come in; the Venetian type houses mostly date from the fourteenth century and nothing much seems to have changed since then. Incidentally, this Venetian architecture is a slight return by the Veneti for having denuded the mainland coast of trees in their search for wood piles. As a result the coast now presents a fascinatingly ugly aspect, being high, steep, unrelievedly grey and with nothing but outcroppings of stone and scrub to break the stern monotony of its lines.

Split, which contains the remains of the Emperor Diocletian's palace, is a ghostly reflection of this sturdy greyness, for here there is a cement works that has saturated with its fine, colourless, horrifying dust all that part of the town seen from a boat. It seemed to me a singularly uninviting spot, but I am wide open to correction and prepared to admit that on the morning I saw this port I might well have felt the same about Naples. For do not believe all that they say about the beautiful, calm, glistening Adriatic. On that occasion the last two of those adjectives were hopelessly inapplicable, and the first was largely a matter of personal opinion. The little steamer behaved like a bucking bronco, much to the embarrassed astonishment of those whose job it was to minister to the well-being of tourists.

Dubrovnik, the chief holiday resort of this coast, stands with the sea on three sides and Mount Srdj humped loftily behind it. The original city walls remain and within them many of the buildings of the independent republic of Ragusa have withstood five centuries and more of wars, earthquakes and fires.

The town consists of a harbour, a square and one main street which somehow gives the impression of being an arcade without a roof. From it runs dozens of fascinating alleyways that wind crazily between pale ochre walls to the sea, or climb a hundred steps to houses which seek to elude the embrace of the city wall.

The colour is the first thing that strikes you about Dubrovnik, not because it is gaudy as you might expect, but because so much of it is not. The houses are mostly washed pale yellow or pink with white shutters; the public buildings are grey and so, too, is the background of hills, while the sea is a rich navy blue. In contrast there is an abundance of palms and of vivid, blazing flowers and the intriguing national costumes which feature white linen and embroidery in which red predominates. These national costumes are worn habitually by the country people who come into the town to do their shopping.

If it is possible, it is well worth making the return journey from Dubrovnik by land. No one could possibly pretend that such a trip is luxurious or even unfailingly agreeable, but it is immensely interesting.

As soon as you go inland you strike the strangeness of Yugoslavia. Some of it is an incredible grey wilderness where lakes dry up in the spring and are expected to yield a crop before refilling in the autumn; people work endlessly and travel on ponies, mules, donkeys or on foot.

In a town such as Sarajevo, East jostles West excitingly. Here Moslems live beside Catholics; fine Austrian type houses look down on Eastern bazaars; a hundred and one (*Continued on page* 66)

CASES—AND CONSEQUENCES
Mrs. Jones MET Mr. Jones
WHILE SHOPPING IN THE TOWN
SHE SAID TO HIM:
Take my basket, Jim: I'm worn out with cleaning those fireplaces!
HE SAID TO HER:
That's too bad, darling — can't we do something about it?
SHE GAVE HIM:
A well-timed push in the direction of Mr. Therm's GAS showrooms.
GAS SHOWROOMS
HE GAVE HER:
Some lovely new GAS fires—and a COKE fire, lighted by gas, in the sitting room.
THE CONSEQUENCE WAS:
Mrs. Jones's house is beautifully warm, spotlessly clean, and she has more time to herself.
AND THE WORLD SAID:
What cheerful people those Joneses are! And no wonder; they save work the GAS way.
GAS GIVES YOU
HOLIDAYS FROM HOUSEWORK
Issued by The Gas Council

Tomatoes en surprise
—from Main Cookery
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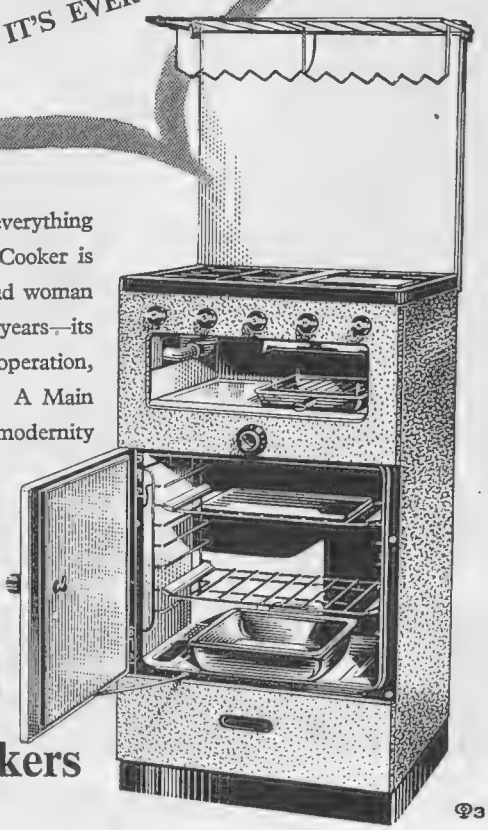
Gas Showrooms

Have present day rations made good cooking a thing of the past?

IN THE MAIN, COOKING IS BETTER THAN IT'S EVER BEEN

Better, because everything about a Main Gas Cooker is what the houseproud woman has dreamed of for years—its heavenly ease in operation, its details, its looks. A Main sets the standard of modernity in any kitchen . . . Ask to see the latest models at your gas showrooms.



MAIN gas cookers

Q3

minarets point sharply to the sky; the wives of half the population are in purdah, the rest drive motor cars. In Sarajevo, too, there is a little colony of Jews descended from refugees of the Spanish Inquisition. They wear a curious and distinctive headdress and speak pure Castilian.

Further north, in Zagreb, the Austrian influence is more marked, and then, as an afterthought as it were, is Bled.

Bled is simply a pleasure resort that has grown up round a lovely lake, and has a completely cosmopolitan atmosphere. Here people swim and boat and chatter and drink apéritifs. They wear gay clothes and eat their meals in restaurants built over the lake on piles.

Yugoslav food, incidentally, is apt to taste strangely on a British tongue, chiefly owing to the native predilection for scattering poppy seeds over everything. As far as I was concerned it lay strangely on a British stomach, too, but then I have that sort of stomach. So I came to live on eggs, fruit and the country's brandy. The Yugoslavs have no conception of a person who eats only two eggs at a sitting. They invariably served four after with difficulty being restrained from bringing six. A country with such generous instincts deserves a visit for that reason alone.

END

Seen On Christmas Morning

(*Continued from page* 25)

searched the herbage for another morsel. Yet, he had apparently missed a tasty meal for a rustling sound reached my ears and as the snow tumbled from the rushes I watched carefully until at the far end of the reed-beds a rabbit emerged. It looked a little uneasy and with the aid of my field-glasses I could see its little nostrils quivering as, turning its head from side to side, it sniffed the air for any trace of danger. I watched it hop about for several minutes and then was amused to see it squat on its haunches and proceed to wash its face. Carefully licking its paws the rabbit passed them over its cheeks in a way which reminded me of my old tabby and then pulling its ears forwards and downwards it completed its morning toilet.

But what was that? A small brown face appeared from amid the reeds causing sudden commotion among the moorhens and sending the rabbit to cover for dear life's sake. It was an otter, and as I watched it leave the herbage to scurry across the ice-bound waters I longed for my camera. It was a fine specimen, and as it entered the vegetation on the opposite bank it cast a suspicious glance backward. Without a doubt it was aware of my presence and adopting a "safety first" method, was soon back again into the stream.

Squirrels are most fascinating little sprites, and on this particular Christmas morning I saw two or three of the grey variety moving about in the trees, but they seemed none too eager to come to ground. Maybe they were youngsters and, not having seen snow before, unable to accept the strange transformation of their woodland world. There was a time when red squirrels also raced along those branches, but they disappeared within a few weeks after the greys had found their way there, for the latter species is an alien and the enemy of our native red squirrel. It also robs birds' nests, taking either eggs or nestlings. Yet, in spite of their sins grey squirrels are very interesting to study, and although I was beginning to think of my Christmas dinner, I watched those squirrels for quite a while.

As I turned homewards my one regret was that I had forgotten to bring any food for the birds, for I had seen scores of tits, starlings, chaffinches, blackbirds, thrushes, robins, wrens and sparrows. Jackdaws were also abundant in this coppice, and in a hollow tree, where a pair of jackdaws had nested, a barn owl sat comfortably dozing.

In my garden only a few birds could be seen. The others had gone back to the shelter of the shrubs, but all of them, having partaken freely of food and water, were now better fitted to withstand the rigours of the weather.

Knowing this, I enjoyed my own Christmas dinner all the more.

END

Icy Peaks Of Science

(*Continued from page* 15)

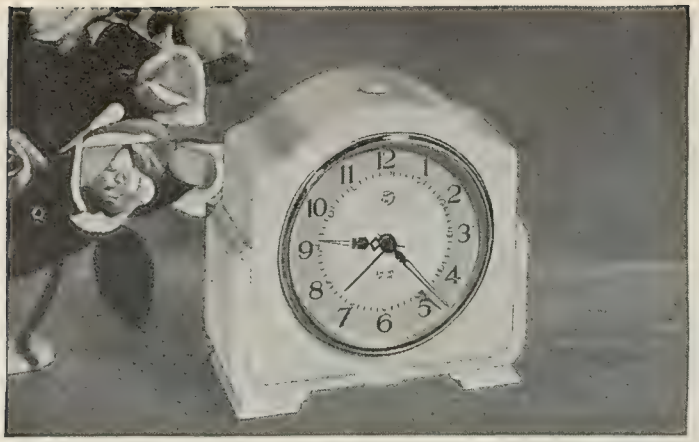
have been involved in ideological controversy. But if ever there's been a place of pure science, and no politics, it is this peak. Its staff all catch the "virus of the Pic" which casts out politics. Several times have I been only a thousand feet less high in the Pyrenees but this is an honest-to-goodness mountain jutting sharply skywards, all on its own. There's a point to it, and it's not a bit accessible. While full winter lasts for three months, and everything is covered by fairy icicle designs, only the very best skiers can make the last refuge from which they're aided up to the top.

The cosmic station run by the Italians on a shoulder of the Matterhorn is nothing more than a prefabricated aluminium hut anchored to the ice-bound rock with steel ropes to withstand the ferocious blizzards. According to Director Amaldi, there were nights last winter when the hut rocked and strained on its moorings. Which is not surprising, seeing that it really belongs more to the tent genus. An outer wall in sheet metal is less than an (*Continued on page* 68)

"That moment when you learn . . ."

Men love women, and women love men, for the likes and dislikes they have *in common.* It can be a lifelong golden memory, that moment when you learn you both like the same play, hum the same tune when no one is listening, or smoke the same brand of cigarette. Not only (you chirp) because of the clean, firm feel of Craven 'A''s *natural* cork tip, so kind to the lips, and the rare, unvarying flavour of the rich, fine tobacco, so kind to the throat! *She* (or *he*) smokes them, too! As if anyone else, or any other cigarette, could matter, after that.

Those who smoke Craven 'A'
seldom care for other cigarettes



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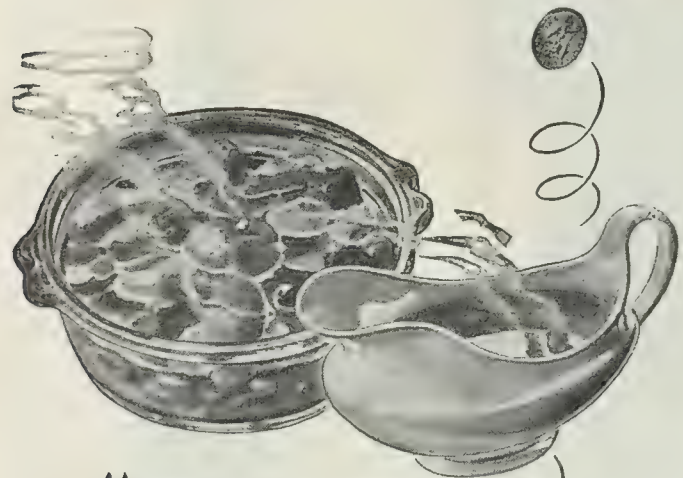

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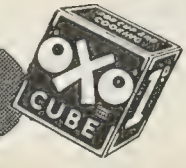

★ ALWAYS HAVE SOME OXO CUBES BY YOU

eighth of an inch thick, while an inner wall, separated by an air space, is of thin plastic.

Yet six dedicated men are prepared to be immured in this fragile prefab in the depths of winter. They have space for little more than bunks and cooking, the bui' of the hut being a laboratory. Sometimes the ropeway linking them to the first village below, Breuil, is so buffeted by gales that they have to go down on skis for urgent matters. The ropeway mounts in three stages (or pylons) to a height of over 11,000 ft. Five miles long, it reduces what would be a five-hour climb to a matter of twenty minutes or so

One side of the Matterhorn is Italian—they call it Mon Cervino. The other side is Swiss. And so rare were the spots where the hut could be tethered that it had to be perched exactly straddling the frontier. Alongside it is the solid stone structure of the Swiss frontier guards.

With the same objectives in view as the French and Italians, British atom testers have fallen for the 11,700 ft. Jungfraujoch, in the Swiss Alps, and within signalling distance of the Italians. Two teams from Manchester and Bristol Universities, under Professors Newth and Powell respectively, have made bookings for part of the winter from Professor de Muralt, director of the Joch research station and observatory. Mr. Newth's equipment was to include a 14-ton magnet, to be brought from Interlaken—a three-hour mountain journey—through a 4½-mile tunnel hewn out of granite, and finally up a 350-ft. lift shaft; also apparatus to photograph the tracks of nuclear particles.

The summit of the Joch is either a dazzling and unending carpet of snow or a thick curtain of clouds. But inside the station is electrically heated and there is good sleeping accommodation. A woman housekeeper was to do all the shopping at Wengen, 7,000 ft. below, but the scientists were to do their own cooking.

Most researchers come down for a two-day rest after four weeks; otherwise they become nervy, unable to sleep, restless and unpleasant with their neighbours. Swiss experts go so far as to say that if they didn't have breaks, the mountain-top would make most men eccentric and, perhaps drive some out of their minds.

The Italians have lacked funds and are seeking to turn the Matterhorn hut into an international station, claiming that it is already "international" by the fact of its being in two countries at once. Encircled by the whole jagged panorama of the High Alps, the gleaming aluminium "lab" looks out on days and days of dazzling clarity under cloudless sunshine—the answer to a cosmic ray man's prayer.

Professor Amaldi has not got his chief with him on the Rosa Ridge. Professor Enrico Fermi was driven from his university under Fascism and took refuge in the United States where he proceeded to beget the atom bomb as much as any other single person by discovering plutonium, the man-contrived element which forms the bomb-charge. But there was elation in the Rosa prefab earlier this year at the arrival of massive magnets—the same as were manhandled up the last stage of the Pic. For with these the Matterhorn "monks" can get on to those cosmic rays, sorting them out, and pep up those weaker particles so that they may bombard the atom with greater efficacy.

The scene now changes to America—and Professor Fermi. Of course, they have their icy peaks of science over there, too. At Climax, Colorado, is America's coronagraph station. The original one was established in 1940–41 and played a valuable part during the war in providing weather and radio-communications information. Soon a new 15-inch giant will operate alongside the prototype. But America's present *pièce-de-resistance* is the permanent cosmic ray station on the summit of Colorado's 14,000-foot-and-some Mount Evans, thirty-six miles from Boulder Dam.

END

The Anaesthetist

(*Continued from page* 31)

to compose a covering letter, but she was inarticulate. The finality of her husband's letter left her wordless and afraid. At last she had added but a pencilled footnote on the message itself:

Easter, beloved. I knew the heights of passion with you. Now do I realize the depths of love.

She was too afraid even to imply the semblance of a request, and when the letter had been posted she was daily terrified of the reply. Perhaps the flame no longer burned; perhaps there were only the ashes of Andora's death. Perhaps the indifference of mere kindness would lash her heart. It was a fearful project even to attempt a recreation, yet she felt impelled.

For several months she waited, during which her anguish lost its keen edge and became merely a dull heaviness. Then the letter came, from Spain, and its coming so distressed her that it was several hours before she could open it. He had returned, as she prayed he would, John's note.

His own, upon a thumb-marked drawing sheet, which in itself had power to wound, said:

Your very writing, Diana, still has power to scatter my mind. I gathered many flowers, but the first rose of youth has still its unfading place in my memory. Its fragrance is doubly with me now.

The flower that came fully to fruit is dead; not withered, but consumed, and the ashes blind my eyes.

I am too old now to ravish fresh flowers, and perhaps death is sent to remind us of our selfishness. For (*Continued on page* 71)

FOR THE PRESENT AND ALWAYS

Player's Please

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

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HUNTLEY & PALMERS
HUNTLEY & PALMERS
EMPIRE ASSORTED
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me, I shall try to release the holiness of beauty through such small art as I have been given. For you, perhaps, the way is different. I do not know. I know only that the first rose still blooms in my mind. I have no home; perhaps even my love had no permanent abiding, but only a foothold in the hearts of friends. Do you, of your now deeper love, give me still that benison.

EASTER RODING.

END

The Circus Comes To Clown

(*Continued from page* 20)

and experience are issued with this international *carte d' bouffonnerie*. On it, two photographs : one of the clown as he is—the other, as he is painted.

At the same time was formed the International Circus Clown Club, whose president is Mr. Cyril Mills, of the Bertram Mills Circus, with vice-president the recently retired old clown Albert Austin. Mr. Stan Bult, the organizer-secretary and only non-performer in the club, told me that among the aims of this exclusive society is the recording in photograph and colourwork of original make-ups and costumes, the registration of new *entrées* and gags, the training of young clowns.

And mention of make-up brings to light the surprising fact that the painted faces of these circus clown princes have more than 1,400 variations. It is tradition that no two must be alike. It is tradition that a new clown can choose his own design. It is tradition that once fixed it must never be altered !

Perhaps to you a clown is just a clown. Yet there are distinctions. Entrée clowns are the king-pins of circus comedy. Their act is a separate feature on the bill—compared with the fill-in clowns who are active in odd minutes of scene changes. In the smaller circuses, of course, all the clowns fill-in.

There are the talking clowns—named forever "Joey" after the immortal Joseph Grimaldi. The white-face clowns—dressed like shabby gentlemen. The augustes—those knock-about stooges and originally "dumb" artistes. Then there are the drolls—very often dwarfs and midgets. Some clowns reap harvests of mirth by falling about. Others perform, or mis-perform, the tricks of serious equestrian and wire-act stars. And upon occasion—more rarely these days—you will meet the clown who performs by himself; the tsar of circusdom !

All these are clowns—and yet not all. The funny man in the ring who wears a comic bulbous nose is not a clown. For true clowns keep to their own noses !

The only true clown of tradition wears those most wonderful clothes : his sequined costumes, glittering in a thousand winking eyes amid the spotlights, cost up to—and usually over—£200 apiece.

Such a clown was Whimsical Walker, darling of three decades of children.

Another clown tradition you might notice is the way they enter the ring. The white-face clown always comes first, followed by the auguste and the droll.

The Big Top circus really came to England when Philip Astley, ex-sergeant-major of the Light Dragoons, opened his show at Halfpenny Hatch, Lambeth, in 1768. Here were all the feats of horsemanship—including bareback riders.

But to-day—to-day we want to laugh : and the clowns will take care of that. Here they come, from all countries of the world, yet need not one word of language. Their antics are universal humour. And just as the surprised falls of young Tom Belling made his name, so this year at Olympia you may see an even younger clown—sixteen-year-old Peter Morrissey.

Last season this schoolboy clown had his first chance under the Big Top. He says he thinks he'll stay a clown.

They usually do, you know. Clowns may go—but they come back. Their names make music—the music of mirth—Coco, Huxter, Pimpo, Peanuts, Nikki, Bobino, Kryngiel, Pepino, Paulo, Kelly, Curly, Rivels, back to Grock and Grimaldi !

END

It's A Gamble

(*Continued from page* 37)

(seven and ten against), and the Queen of Spades, that fatal Black Maria who counts thirteen of the worst.

In this quite short game you can go down forty-three points and the last few rounds can be tensely exciting. Don't hasten to pass on Black Maria with your discards : it may be wiser to keep her where you can control her future movements. The Ace of Spades is the real dynamite : if you get that, pray for a short suit.

If you are five in number, your salvation will be Authors. Don't be put off by this meaningless and repulsive title. To play it well you need lots of skill, concentration, a psychological sense and a flair for strategy. In the hard-boiled States, cigar-chewing, shirt-sleeved gamblers play this nursery game for high stakes far into the morning.

Deal the pack one card at a time. Every man plays for himself—the ideal gambling arrangement—and you must accumulate sets of four of a kind by asking your opponents (*Continued on page* 72)

THERE'S RHYTHM
IN
JAMAICA RUM

When I hear the thumping of the big bass drum
I can't help thinking of Jamaica Rum
Cornet, fiddle and euphonium
Also remind me of Jamaica Rum
With a rum tum tiddle and a rum tum tum
EVERYTHING reminds me of Jamaica Rum

It's wonderful what JAMAICA RUM *will do!*

for cards by name. You say, perhaps: "George, please give me the nine of hearts," and if George has that card he must hand it over, while you get another turn. If you guessed wrong, the player on your left takes over. You may not ask for a card if you hold none of that denomination. As soon as you have a "four" (say four tens) you show it and each other player pays you the agreed stake. This is a poor game for three, soon wearisome with four; but five good gamblers will find endless scope for cunning within its simple formula.

I am sorry there is no room to explain All fours, a three centuries-old English game. Or Earl of Coventry, a variant of that riotous gamble, Newmarket. But don't wait for me—ask any child—and I promise you a merry Christmas!

END

Long-Sleeved Jumper

(*Continued from page* 48)

off 8, (loop on needle), * p. 6, k. 2, p. 2, k. 2; rep. from * to last 7, p. 6, k. 1. **16th row.**—K. 2 tog., k. 5, * p. 2, cross, p. 2, cable 6; rep. from * to last 13, p. 2, cross, p. 2, k. 5, k. 2 tog. **17th row.**—P. 2 tog., p. 4, * k. 2, p. 2, k. 2, p. 6; rep. from * to last 12, k. 2, p. 2, k. 2, p. 4, p. 2 tog. **18th row.**—K. 2 tog., k. 3, * p. 2, cross, p. 2, cable 6; rep. from * to last 11, p. 2, cross, p. 2, k. 3, k. 2 tog. **19th row.**—P. 2 tog., p. 2, * k. 2, p. 2, k. 2, p. 6; rep. from * to last 10, k. 2, p. 2, k. 2, p. 2, p. 2 tog. (108 sts.). **20th row.**—* P. 1, cable 3 ft., p. 4, cable 3 bk., p. 1; rep from * to end. **21st row.**—* K. 2 p. 2, k. 4, p. 2, k. 2; rep. from * to end.

22nd row.—* P. 2, cable 3 ft., p. 2, cable 3 bk., p. 2; rep. from * to end. **23rd row.**—* K. 3, p. 2, k. 2, p. 2, k. 3; rep. from * to end. **24th row.**—* P. 3, cable 3 ft., cable 3 bk., p. 3; rep. from * to end. **25th row.**—* K. 4, p. 4, k. 4; rep. from * to end. **26th row.**—* P. 4, k. 4, p. 4; rep. from * to end.

Rep. the last 2 rows until work measures 19½ ins. from the cast-on edge. Shape shoulders by casting off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

THE FRONT

Work as for back until work measures 17 ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape neck thus: Patt. 39, cast off 30, (loop on needle). Patt. 38.

Continue in patt. dec. at the neck edge on the next 3 rows (36 sts.). Continue straight until work measures 19½ ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape shoulders by casting off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows, starting at armhole edge. Rejoin wool at remaining sts. and work other side to match.

NECK BORDER

Join right shoulder. Now, using No. 12 needles and holding the right side of work towards you, pick up and k. 112 sts. round neck. Work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 1 in., then cast off in rib.

THE SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 60 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 3 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and patt. thus:

1st row (right side of work).—* P. 4, k. 4, p. 4; rep. from * to end.

2nd row.—* K. 4, p. 4, k. 4; rep. from * to end. Continue in patt. as on the last 2 rows, inc. at each end of every 6th row 24 times (108 sts.). Continue straight until work measures 20 ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape top by dec. at each end of every alternate row until 82 sts. remain. Now dec. at each end of every row until 24 remain. Cast off.

Work another sleeve to match.

MAKING UP

Press all parts except ribbing. Join seams and inset sleeves. Work a row of double crochet along open shoulder and fasten same with press studs.

END

Short-Sleeved Blouse

(*Continued from page* 48)

Make darts. K. 44, k. 2 tog., k. 32, k. 2 tog., k. 44. Work 4 rows.

Divide for neck opening as follows: P. 59, p. 2 tog., with a second ball of wool, p. 2 tog., p. to end, so working both sides at the same time. K. 44, k. 2 tog., k. 14, with second ball, k. 14, k. 2 tog., k. 44. Work 5 rows. K. 44, k. 2 tog., k. 13, with second ball, k. 13, k. 2 tog., k. 44. Work 5 rows. K. 44, k. 2 tog., k. 12, with second ball, k. 12, k. 2 tog., k. 44. Work 5 rows. K. 44, k. 2 tog., k. 11, with second ball, k. 11, k. 2 tog., k. 44. Work 5 rows. K. 44, k. 2 tog., k. 10, with second ball, k. 10, k. 2 tog., k. 44. Work 5 rows.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 13 sts., k. 30, k. 2 tog., k. 9, with second ball, k. 9, k. 2 tog., k. 44. Cast off 13 sts. at beg. of next 5 rows at shoulder edges, remembering to use two balls. Cast off remainder.

FRONT

With No. 14 needles, cast on 150 sts. Work in rib as for back. Inc. to 159 sts. on last row (wrong side) as follows. Inc. in every 15th st. to end. Change to No. 9 needles and (*Continued on page* 74)

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work in st.st., inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of 9th row and every following 8th row until there are 171 sts. and 73 rows. End p. row. Dec. to 163 sts. and begin patt. as follows :

74th row.—K. 46, k. 2 tog., * k. 9, k. 2 tog.* ; rep. from * to * 6 times, k. 46. **75th row.**—P. to end. Patt.

1st row.—K. 46, w.fd., k. 2 tog., * k. 8, w.fd., k. 2 tog.* ; rep. from * to * 6 times, k. to end. **2nd row.**—P. to end. **3rd row.**—K. 44, * k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 1, w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 5* ; rep. from * to * 6 times, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 1, w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. to end. **4th row.**—P. to end. **5th row.**—K. 43, * k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 3, w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 3* ; rep. from * to * 6 times, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 3, w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. to end. **6th row.**—P. to end. **7th row.**—K. 42, * k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 5, w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 1* ; rep. from * to * 6 times, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 5, w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. to end. **8th row.**—P. to end. **9th row.**—K. 41, k. 2 tog., * w.fd., k. 7, w.fd., sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o.* ; rep. from * to * 6 times, w.fd., k. 7, w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. to end. **10th row.**—P. to end. **11th row:**

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts., k. 33, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 9, * w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 8* ; rep. from * to * 6 times, w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. to end.

12th row.—Cast off 6 sts. P. to end. **13th row.**—Cast off 4 sts., k. 31, * w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 5, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 1* ; rep. from * to * 6 times, w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 5, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. to end. **14th row.**—Cast off 4 sts., p. to end. **15th row.**—Cast off 3 sts., k. 29, * w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 3, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 3* ; rep. from * to * 6 times, w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 3, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. to end.

16th row.—Cast off 3 sts., p. to end. **17th row.**—Cast off 2 sts., k. 28, * w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 5* ; rep. from * to * 6 times, w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. to end. **18th row.**—Cast off 2 sts. P. to end. **19th row.**—K. 2 tog., k. 28, * w.fd., sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.fd., k. 7* ; rep. from * to * 6 times, w.fd., sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.fd., k. to end.

20th row.—P. 2 tog., p. to end. **21st row.**—K. 2 tog., k. 28, * w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 8* ; rep. from * to * 6 times, w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. to end. **22nd row.**—P. 2 tog., p. to end. **23rd row.**—K. 2 tog., k. 25, * k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 1, w.fd., k. 2 tog., * k. 65 ; rep. from * to *, k. to end. **24th row.**—P. 2 tog., p. to end (now 127 sts.). **25th row.**—K. 25, * k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 3, w.fd., k. 2 tog., * k. 63 ; rep. from * to *, k. to end.

26th and each even row.—P. **27th row.**—K. 24, * k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 5, w.fd., k. 2 tog.,* k. 61 ; rep. from * to *, k. to end. **29th row.**—K. 23, * k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 7, w.fd., k. 2 tog., * k. 59 ; rep. from * to *, k. to end. **31st row.**—K. 22, * k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 9, w.fd., k. 2 tog., * k. 57 ; rep. from * to *, k. to end.

33rd row.—Dec. to 111 sts. as follows : K. 2, k. 2 tog., 8 times, k. 6, * w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 5, k. 2 tog., w.fd., * k. 61 ; rep. from * to *, k. 6, k. 2 tog. 8 times, k. 2. **35th row.**—K. 17, * w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 3, k. 2 tog., w.fd., * k. 63 ; rep. from * to *, k. to end. **37th row.**—K. 18, * w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., w.fd., * k. 65 ; rep. from * to *, k. to end. **39th row.**—K. 19, * w.fd., sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.fd., * k. 67 ; rep. from * to *, k. to end.

41st row.—K. 20, * w.fd., k. 2 tog., * k. 68 ; rep. from * to *, k. to end. Work 2 more diamonds over preceding ones as already described, at the same time, when 46 rows above underarm have been worked (ending with a k. row), begin neck shaping as follows :

SHAPE NECK

P. 49, cast off 13 sts., p. to end. Work left shoulder first. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next row at neck edge, 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows at same edge, then dec. 1 st. at beg. of each row (at neck edge) until 39 sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until 71 rows from underarm (4 rows more than on back).

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 13 sts. at beg. of next 3 rows at shoulder edge. Join wool to neck edge and work other shoulder to match.

SLEEVES (both alike)

With No. 14 needles, cast on 100 sts. and work in rib for 1 in. (as for welts). Inc. to 105 sts. on wrong side as follows : inc. in the 10th st. and every following 20th st. to end. Change to No. 9 needles and work 2 rows in st.st. Begin patt. as follows : k. 2, * w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 8* ; rep. from * to * 9 times, w.fd., k. 2 tog., k. 1. Continue in patt. as already described, inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of 7th and every following 6th row (working extra sts. in patt. as they occur) until there are 111 sts. and 31 rows. End p. row.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, dec. 1 st. at beg. of each row until 51 sts. remain. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows, 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, and 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off remainder.

NECKBAND

With No. 14 needles, cast on 4 sts. and work in rib (k. 1, p. 1) a strip long enough to go round neck. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece lightly, on wrong side, under a damp cloth with fairly hot iron. Sew up side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Draw up fullness at top of sleeves and sew into armholes. Work a row of double crochet down each side of neck opening. Sew strip of ribbing neatly round neck to cover edge, and sew in zip fastener. Tack in shoulder pads.

END

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Dreaming Of A White Christmas

(*Continued from page* 13)

Arctic seas than usual and melting more ice, so that more cold water flows south and sets up a barometric "high" between Scandinavia and Iceland, which in turn sends clockwise winds out from freezing Siberia all over northern Europe—including us.

But even then the picture is not all set for snow. It is when the "polar front" (the line along which the warm westerly and cold easterly winds are meeting and so forming snow-producing depressions) is over or very near this country that the snow comes down This happened in the great Christmas blizzard of 1927.

After about a fortnight's cold weather, on Christmas Eve the "polar front" stood across southern England, a depression formed and the snow fell, solidly, purposefully and uninterruptedly, blocking roads and railways, cutting-off villages, burying cattle—and delighting small boys. That year a white Christmas was no dreaming matter.

But picturesque and fitting as it may be when mantling a northern landscape at Christmas, snow does not always play the game. Falling on the edge of the Mediterranean and covering the palms, the aloes and the orange trees of the Côte d'Azur with unaccustomed white, it upsets one's notions about the winter climate south of the Alpes Maritimes.

It sometimes pushes south to Rome, to Jerusalem, to normally sun-baked places in Spain, to seemingly snow-proof towns like Tetuan, in North Africa, and even to the delta of the Nile. Occasionally it reaches down to southern California, and it has, hardly credibly, fallen at Havana, Cuba.

For all that, the chances are against a white Christmas here, whatever happens in the bleak new year. Or you could put it this way : Christmas snow is on the cards all right, but ten to one you won't see it *except* on the cards.

END

Girl Of The Outback

(*Continued from page* 12)

as bad as I'm painted. I liked a good time, but that's no sin." He offered her a cigarette, but she shook her head. He lit one for himself, then he said, "I take it you didn't like Sydney?"

"No." Her answer was quite flat.

"Why not?" He blew out smoke in a long, thin fan.

"I don't know. Maybe it was because everyone is in such a hurry down there."

"Maybe that's because they have more to do."

"I've never seen a city man work as hard as a country man."

"Work isn't everything." She didn't answer that, and after a moment he said, "Was that the only reason you disliked it?"

She was silent, looking down at her hands clasped together on her knees, then she said, "Maybe it was because the city seems to make people selfish."

He turned and looked out over the paddocks, down the hill to the white line that was the road under the rising moon. "You haven't much time for me, have you?"

She stood up quickly, but just as quickly he was standing beside her.

He threw away his cigarette and stood looking down at her. Then abruptly he put his arms about her and kissed her. She could feel the vibrancy of him, electric and strong, then she swung away from him and her palm wiped in a stinging smack across his mouth.

"That's not the way to make me like you, Steve." Her voice was still low and controlled. "I'm not going to be a number on that list."

She swung on her heel and went inside, the door slamming shut behind her.

SHE lay in bed, the sheets flung back, listening to the night sounds out in the yard and thinking about Steve. Men had never interested her very much in the city; she had gone out with several, but there had been no deep feeling for any of them. Here at Bulinga there had been little opportunity for meeting men; sometimes she had worried about it, but it was a problem she had put at the back of her mind till the worries of the drought were over. But now Steve had come home to act upon her like none of the others ever had, exciting her despite herself and arousing a deeper interest than she had ever felt before.

She wished she could get him out of her mind. But so long as he stayed here there would be little chance of that.

She got out of bed and walked to the window. She looked out across the paddocks, now white in the moonlight, to where they merged into the shadowed hills lying like a crumpled fold beneath the deep curtain of the sky. She loved this country, but Steve hated it, and there was no point in starting something that could have no real ending. The only thing to do was hope that Steve would leave for the city very soon.

The next day she saw very little of him. At breakfast he was quiet, almost preoccupied, but he made no mention of last night nor did he make any attempt to apologize.

The next morning he asked her to ride out with him. She hesitated, then went down with him to saddle the horses. (*Continued on page* 78)

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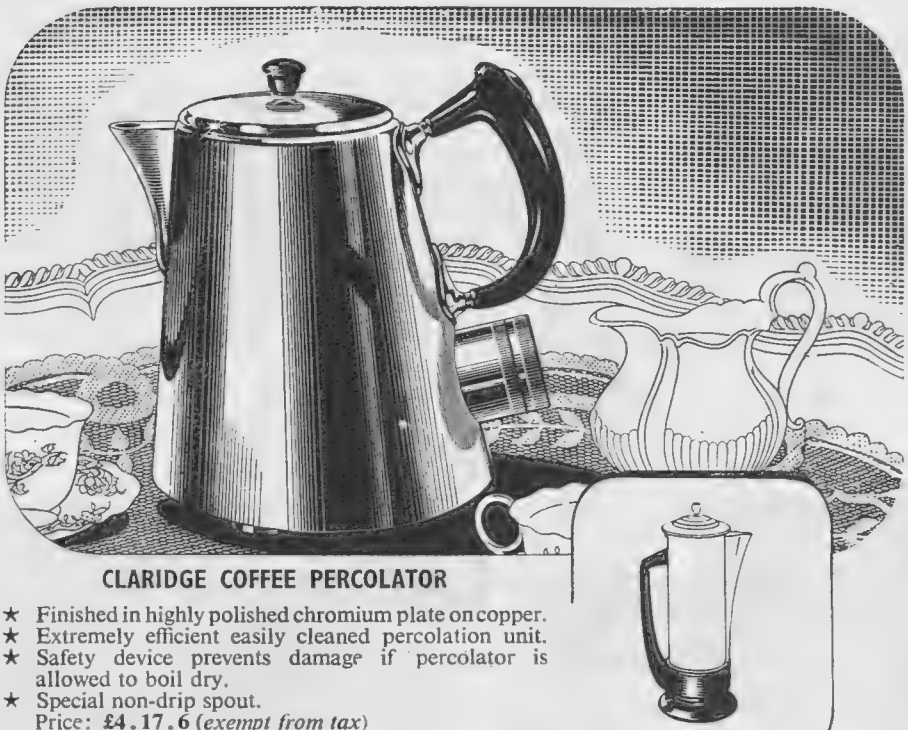

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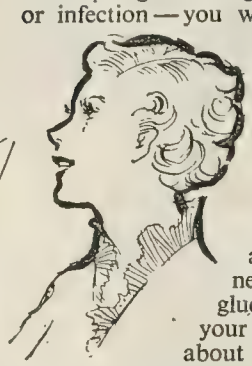

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They rode down the hill and out along the road toward where the river-bed twisted like a brown wound through the paddocks.

"You're wondering why I asked you to come?" He was riding slightly in front of her and he turned as he spoke.

"After the other night, yes. Unless you wanted to apologize."

"All right, I'm sorry. It won't happen again. But you were wrong about just being a number on my list."

She looked at him. "What am I, then?"

"Well—look, let's leave it a while, shall we? Give me time to get used to being home."

The river-bed ran parallel with the road here, and they turned off through a gate and brought their horses to a halt beside some tall white gums that towered like giant skeletons above the shelving, eroded bank.

SHE nodded at the crows coming down in heavy glides to the brown fields of stubble on the other side of the river-bed. "They've been attacking the sheep lately. Quite a few of them have been blinded."

"Blinded by crows or dying from the drought—it doesn't really matter. Unless we get rain soon, we shan't have any sheep. Hell, I didn't realize things were as bad as this."

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know. There's not much one can do. Just pray for rain, I guess."

He swung down out of the saddle and helped her down. Standing close against him, she felt the excitement stir her again. Then she moved away from him, doing her best to quieten the pounding in her breast.

"What's the matter?" he said. "Are you scared of me?"

Light stirred in her eyes, then she put out a hand and clasped his where it rested on the saddle. "No, Steve. But you've done nothing to make me like you since you came home."

His hand turned over under hers and their fingers entwined. She looked up at him, the bright sun reflected in her eyes, clearing them of darkness, making them clear and alive with what was in her mind, then he bent his head and kissed her. His fingers tightened on hers, gripping them like a vice, then he drew back.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I said I wouldn't do that again."

She looked up at him and said, "That time I didn't feel I was one on a long list."

"I've lost that list," he said. "They've probably forgotten me already."

She smiled. "That was one of the sacrifices of coming home."

In the next few days they grew closer together. There was an intimacy born that made their feeling for each other apparent in just a glance or the touch of the hands. But he never once mentioned if he was going to stay and somehow, afraid of his answer, she could never bring herself to ask him.

A WEEK after he had come home Martha and Ellen were sitting on the veranda in the late afternoon. Steve had gone into the small town thirty miles away with McInnes to pick up provisions.

"What's going on between you and Steve?" Ellen said.

"I don't know just yet," Martha said. "Why?"

"I don't want to interfere, Martha. But I don't want you hurt. I know Steve's my son, but I can't help feeling he doesn't belong here. Doesn't want to belong."

Martha looked out over the paddocks shimmering in the heat. "I'm in love with him, Ellen."

Ellen was silent for a while. "Nothing would please me more if he felt that way about you. But what if he goes back to Sydney?"

Martha was staring out at the countryside without seeing it, just aware of the deep pain within her. "I don't know. That's something we haven't talked about."

"Has he said he loves you?"

"No. That's something else I'm not sure about."

Suddenly she dropped her head and began to weep; the uncertainty of the future fell in on her. "Oh Ellen, I wish he hadn't come home!"

Ellen put a hand on her shoulder. "In a way, so do I. I love you both and I don't want to see either of you unhappy."

Next morning McInnes came up to the house before breakfast. Steve had just come into the kitchen for water for shaving.

"What's the matter, Tom?" Steve said.

"I reckon it's time we tried driving 'em down to Bungally," McInnes said. "Billy's just come in from up near Jackson's. He says the waterhole's finally dried up."

"You think the sheep will last the trip?" Steve said.

"They ain't lasting here. We ride up every day to find another one dead."

Steve walked up and down the kitchen, head bent, then he stopped and straightened up. "We'll start this afternoon. We'll take the mob from the waterhole, and if we get through we'll send word back for the boys to bring down the rest of 'em."

"May I come with you?" Martha said.

Steve looked across at her. "Don't you think it would be better if you stayed here? It won't be an easy drive——"

"That's why I can help. I'm as good a drover as any man, Steve. I've sat out this drought for eight months—I want to see how we make out on this drive. It's our last chance and I'd like to be in on it."

McInnes said, "Let her come, Steve. She's felt this drought as much as any of us."

"I can't stop her," Steve said. "I'm the (*Continued on page* 81)

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one who doesn't belong here." Then he abruptly turned and walked out of the kitchen, leaving McInnes chewing on his lip and Martha sick and empty.

After lunch McInnes brought four horses up to the house, three of them saddled and the fourth carrying blankets, food and two cans of bore water.

Ellen Frazer was on the veranda as Steve and Martha came out. "I'll wait by the phone to hear from you. Good luck."

The three of them rode up into the hills. The sheep were thin, pitiful in their weakness, and even standing close together in a mass there was no suggestion of strength about them nor much hope that they would last the journey.

They went down along the bank of the river-bed, aiming to follow it right down to Bungally, and before they had crossed the bottom paddock below the rise of hills four sheep had fallen, lying in the dust with their sides faintly trembling, and they rode on, leaving them behind.

"We'll have to take 'em slow." McInnes gazed over the mob as it walked in its own dust. "Otherwise we'll finish up at Bungally carrying the last couple across our saddles."

The heat was still oppressive, pressing down on them with almost physical force. The dust came up and the glare bounced back from the ground, and away in the distance the hills trembled in the haze at the bottom of the sky. Once they saw a kangaroo, gaunt and red-brown, go leaping away through the scrub, sending explosions of dust behind it as it landed after each long hop.

They eased the mob along and by nightfall they had completed almost a third of the journey and had lost another five sheep. They halted as the sun went down, and the sheep sank to the ground as soon as they stopped.

They ate, then lay on their blankets, the stars blinking white and hard above them.

"Think I'll walk around for a while." McInnes got to his feet. "Just in case there's some dingos trailing us."

McInnes went off into the darkness. Martha lay back on her blanket, alone with Steve for the first time all day. She waited for him to say something, but in a quick movement he was beside her, taking her in his arms and kissing her. She responded, her arms clinging tightly about his neck, then she lay back and looked up at him.

"This isn't getting us anywhere, Steve. You'll be going back to Sydney——"

"Would you come with me?"

She could feel the hammer of excitement in her breast, the knowledge that he loved her, but her voice was steady as she said, "I'm not meant for that sort of life, Steve."

"You mean you're meant for this?" He waved a hand at the surrounding scrub, black and bare under the rising moon. "What sort of life is this? Worrying your guts out, praying for rain and not even believing your own prayers, just working and not getting anything for it—do you think we could last in *this*?"

"Steve," she said, "are you asking me to marry you?"

"I—ah, what's the use?" He stood up, angrily slapping his thigh. "Ever since I came home I've been trying to tell myself I should stay here. But it hasn't worked. I still keep thinking how much easier life is in the city."

She sat up. "That puts us back where we started. Steve, you'll have to get yourself straightened out first. You can't throw away twenty years of background just like that. There's still a large part of all this," she waved her hand vaguely about her, "in you. And when you do realize it, remember I go with what you have here. If you can't realize it and you want something else to choose between —well then, it's me or the city. But you can't have both."

He looked down at her for a long moment, saying nothing, then abruptly he walked off into the scrub. Martha buried her face in her hands and wept silently, wept till, tired out by the long ride, she finally fell asleep.

She was awakened by the shouts of McInnes, his voice cracking thinly against the beat of rain on the ground. He came running up out of the darkness, standing wide-legged against the glow of the dying fire that hissed in the rain. "It come on all of a sudden! Feel it, Martha! It's rain!"

Steve came running toward them, yelling excitedly. Martha sat up, staring around her, not fully awake, then she scrambled to her feet. "Oh Steve, isn't it wonderful! Real honest rain!"

She clung to him and he put his arms about her, holding her tightly. The rain was increasing, pelting heavily, beating cleanly and coldly against their faces.

"I felt it coming up an hour ago," McInnes yelled against the downpour; they could see him cavorting in the mud like a kid. "I wanted to make sure, be awake when it came. I've waited eight months for this. Oh, you beaut!"

They ran along to the river bank. Steve slid down, his boots sliding easily in the dust that was now greasy mud. Puddles were already forming as deeper shadows among the rocks and somewhere there was a faint ripple as water began to run.

Martha and McInnes were already herding the sheep, their shouts and the barking of the dogs coming faintly through the rain, but the sheep swayed crazily in a bunch, looking for a leader. Steve grabbed one of the sheep by the neck and pushed it down the bank. He pushed two more down after it, then the mob was sliding past, bleating loudly and their feet drumming in the mud.

McInnes went stumbling through the darkness. "Cripes, feel it! It'll rain for days! It's all over!"

Martha, half crying and half laughing, almost beside herself with happiness, went running into Steve's arms. (*Continued on page 82*)

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ANOTHER lovely invitation—but another of those gay convivial evenings that make one afraid to face a mirror in the morning! How lucky it is that an older friend once gave her a piece of advice she has never forgotten. At this party, and throughout the festive season, she will ask for Rose's Lime Juice with her gin. She has learnt by happy experience that gin and Rose's protects her face from tell-tale blemishes and her figure from the slightest sign of imperfection.

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"Oh Steve, Steve——!"

"Darling," he said, holding her shivering wet body against him. "I'm going to stay. I've been walking around out there for the last two hours, knowing I loved you, telling myself I couldn't go back to the city without you. I didn't even notice the rain coming up. But I'd have stayed anyway. Darling, will you marry me?"

The rain beat into the mud about them, the mud that had been for so long just dead killing dust, the mud that would give life again to the countryside, raising grass in the paddocks, filling the rivers, bringing leaves to the trees. It would rain and rain again and the grass would be green and the sheep would grow fat and in the season the shearers would come again, just as they had for years, and Bulinga would be as they had remembered it.

Martha raised her face and Steve kissed her. They clung together, aware only of each other and their future, while the rain beat fresh and hard into the ground, washing away the dust, washing away the doubts and worry of the past.

END

A Winterless Christmas

(*Continued from page* 33)

children; filling their stockings (or pillowcases), tying up gifts and placing them at the base of the family tree. Preparing for to-morrow.

When finally they are fast asleep, the adult fun begins. Private parties, dances, surprise parties, though being Christmas Eve no one is "surprised" when groups of friends, bringing their own food and drink mind you, bang on the doors and windows at all hours of the night demanding to be let in, calling "Surprise! Surprise!" And you would be considered an old "stuffy" if you didn't enter into the spirit of the thing and "throw tiredness to the winds."

Out in the backblocks (the bush country) the tiny townships unite and hold their Christmas dances in the largest barn within the community. Farmfolk and station hands journey along the bush tracks, in from the surrounding countryside, sometimes twenty miles or more, in gigs, on horseback, or in the family car.

The barn, full to overflowing with celebrating people, is decorated for the occasion with festive greenery and flowers. The floor has been scrubbed white and polished till it gleams. Orange, red and green crêpe paper streams across the rafters, and branches of white flowering ti-tree and red Pohutakawa (New Zealand's very own Christmas tree) are arranged about the doorways. The heavy, sweet smell of it mingles with the pipe smoke and powder and best clothes smell.

Striking up a vigorous tune, the band of drummer, pianist and saxophone player, start everyone a-dancin'. They play barn dances and the valeta for the old-timers, quicksteps and waltzes that everyone sings to. The barn's ancient rafters fairly ring with the music. "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the King" are sung at twelve o'clock. With cries of "Merry Christmas!" "Merry Christmas to You!" the bush dance breaks up and folks make for home.

ALL New Zealanders who can, make for the coast at Christmas time. Yachting is the supreme sport, for no other country in the world can boast of such innumerable lovely bays and wide cruising grounds and sheltered gulf waters, to explore at leisure.

Christmas Day is spent surfing in the wide Pacific rollers. Or lying sprawled on the hot sand, or exploring pools and caverns. The children race each other across the sands and dash into the cool waters. Or climb the overhanging branches of the Pohutakawa tree and drop deep down into the clear emerald sea below, searching for unwary crayfish.

Christmas lunch is spread on snowy cloths in the shade of a gnarled manuka tree. It is all cold! Cold turkey, cold plum-pudding frosted with sugar and cream, iced peaches and mince pies. Crackers are pulled and silly hats put on and we drink each other's health in billy-tea or ginger wine.

And then we rest and listen quietly to the portable wireless relaying gay parties from New Zealand's antipode, Great Britain, and, finally, to the King's Message sending us succour and courage in these uncertain times. Those quiet words make us realize then, more than at any other time, that Christmas is symbolic of "Love and Home and Family Ties the world over."

END

Books

(*Continued from page* 34)

home and find beauties in farm, village, field and hedgerow. Lilias Rider Haggard does it in **"A Country Scrap-book"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.), writing intimately of Norfolk folk, flowers, birds and other creatures in a sensitive, homespun English whose spirit is reflected in Wilfred S. Pettitt's fine drawings.

IF widows are dangerous, what of one with four children to rear and little money to do it on? Vespa Page, still in her thirties, knows what she wants for them and means to get it, so she marries an old admirer and rich violinist who was best man at her wedding, and thus launches them happily on careers. Kitty Barne makes an amusing comedy of the family party in **"Vespa"** (Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d.), and its humours are never lost on the sly old father nearing ninety who watches it all from a back seat, and finds Vespa no less intriguing than his study of female insects!

A very different type of mother is Mary (*Continued on page* 84)

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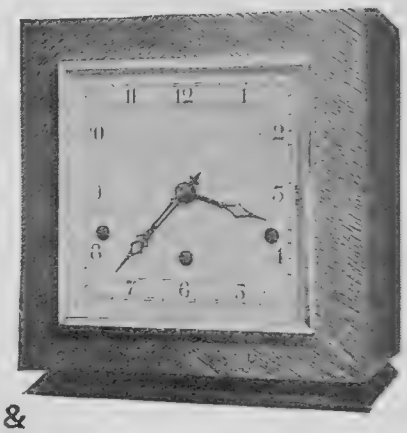

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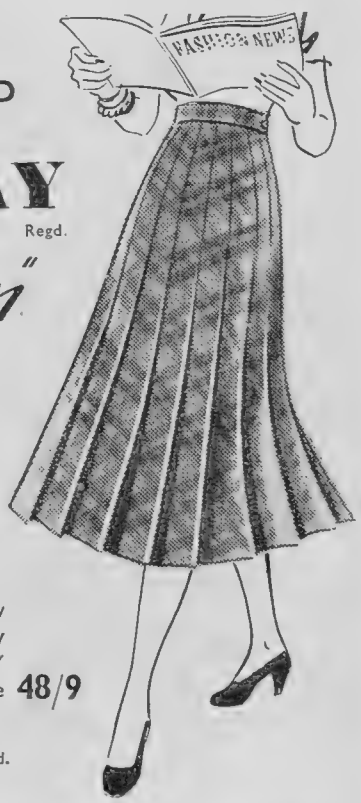

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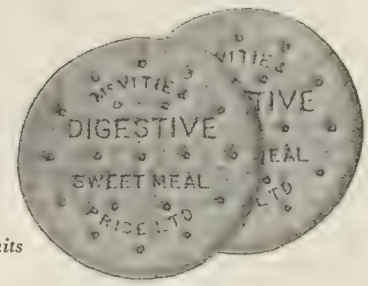

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Lavin's **"Mary O'Grady"** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.), wife of a Dublin tram conductor, whose love of husband and five children is her whole life. He dies suddenly; two daughters, with their young men, perish in an air crash; a son returns from America with acute melancholic depression and has to go to an asylum. Miss Lavin interprets this almost Greek tragedy with the sensibility she has shown in her short stories, and makes the stoic Dublin mother an impressive character.

MORE than one novelist may have thought that the characters and background of *The Tempest* would transpose into modern life—and shelved the idea as too fantastic. Not so Rumer Godden, who in **"A Breath of Air"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.), rushes in where Ariels fear to tread and makes her Prospero an eccentric earl who has settled on a Pacific island, her Miranda his young daughter who has seen no other white man, her Ferdinand a playwright whose flying-boat lands there in a storm, and so on, even to a native Caliban. Romantic fantasy, not satire, is Miss Godden's aim, though her delicate gossamer story has its humours, too. If only Shakespeare could review it.

Often, during the revolutionary crisis which landed him in front of a firing squad, the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico must have wished himself on such an island, away from it all. Implicated in his drama and tragedy in Peter Bourne's **"Dupe of Destiny"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) is Martin Ravenal, New Orleans adventurer, who goes to the Court of Napoleon III as the Confederate States' secret agent, meets Maximilian and Carlotta, and accompanies them to Mexico on their ill-fated mission. An eruptive, colourful story told with brusque U.S. sweep which leaves little room for subtleties of character.

Another historical—Mika Waltari's **"Michael the Finn"** (Putnam, 12s. 6d.), translated by Naomi Walford—deals with the reign of Charles V and the fierce religious conflicts raging about Martin Luther, with the sack of Rome as climax. The learned doctor is depicted as a lusty fighter and talker, and the story takes us, body and soul, into the period.

PETER, a boy of eight who loved cats and brought home strays, is himself turned into one after being run down by a coal lorry. Straying into a warehouse, he is mauled by another Tom, tended by a gentle tabby who brings him a juicy mouse. When he says in horror, "I've never eaten one," she says, "You begin at the head," and to his surprise it was "simply delicious." Paul Gallico's **"Jennie"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.) recounts the rest of his feline adventures: Chase me round the ashcans! I like cats, but think I'd better leave this book for catolaters to purr over—or give it to the oldest Tom in our square.

"The Old Vic 1949-1950 Season," Lionel Hale (Evans, 7s. 6d.) An illustrated record of the five plays produced by this company during the year.

"Florence Nightingale," Lucy Seymer (Faber & Faber, 8s. 6d.). An unbiased biography of one of the greatest Englishwomen.

"The Saturday Book," edited by Leonard Russell (Hutchinson 21s.). The tenth issue of this book of 288 pages is full of colour, interest, humour and fiction. Makes a wonderful Christmas present.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

"Birds of Buttermilk Hall," Kate Floyd Morton (Harrap, 6s.).
"The Big House," Naomi Mitchison (Faber & Faber, 9s. 6d.).
"Satan Island," Julian Watson (Faber & Faber, 8s. 6d.).
"The Secret Pony," E. F. Stucley (Faber & Faber, 8s. 6d.).
"Mister Christmas Goes to Town," Hilary Douglas (Dennis Yates, 4s. 6d.).
"The Three Queens," Margaret Priestley (Faber & Faber, 8s. 6d.).
"The Lion, The Witch and the Wardrobe," C. S. Lewis (Bles, 8s. 6d.).
"The Years of Grace," Noel Streatfeild (Evans, 15s.).

The Man Who Made Christmas

(*Continued from page 24*)

the sensational front-page Address he inserted in *Household Words*, drawing public attention to his domestic affairs, protesting that whispered rumours were "abominably false, and that whosoever repeats one of them after this denial will lie as wilfully and as foully as it is possible for any false witness to lie before Heaven and earth."

After the separation he presumably prevailed upon Ellen to become his mistress "reluctantly" and installed her in a house, also in the Camden Town district, near his boyhood home. Regularly he went there, to play cards with Ellen and her mother and a friend or sing duets with her at the piano. Later he settled her at Peckham; and in '65, on their return from a visit to France, she was with him in the Staplehurst rail smash, when eight coaches toppled into the river, and Charles helped to drag out the injured and revive them from his brandy flask.

He thought the new life would bring him happiness, but Ellen's remorse for her part in the separation always stood in the way, and he sought relief in furious living which hastened his end. Her friend Canon Benham said that she continued to brood over the liaison after his death and told him she "loathed the very thought of this intimacy."

Never, from that doleful Christmas of '57, did this good and great man, gripped by a passion too strong for him, know again the simple, devout, warm-hearted family Christmas which he, above all men, had created for the delight of his age and posterity.

END

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The Real Thing

(*Continued from page* 19)

whispered Coleman. "I'm sure there's something."

The animals turned their heads swiftly to the right and to the left. Then they went on eating.

Suddenly they ran off together out of sight.

Eileen had thrown aside the rug and was sitting with her knees very high and her ankles crossed. Her chin was resting on her knees and she had her arms around her legs and her fingers were locked together.

First there was a low cough and then a grunting and another cough. Then came the full-throated, pulverizing roar of a lion close by.

Frank Hogarth almost jumped up sitting, and the platform trembled, and a huge tawny head thrust itself clear through the high grass near where the bait lay.

At first the lion did not come out of the grass that hid his body but just stood there. The huge beast saw the carcass of the kudu and still he stood there, all the time half-grunting, half-coughing and looking around. Now the lion came out of the tall grass, and walked up to the kudu.

The lion jumped on it, putting his great front paws on it, cracking the ribs, and buried his head in the hind quarters.

There was a slight stir on the platform and Frank Hogarth saw that Coleman already had his high-powered rifle up. He was in the kneeling position, and he was looking through the telescope mounted on the barrel. The muzzle rested on the low wooden rail that ran round the front of the platform.

They all sat very quiet. Frank Hogarth could feel himself trembling.

Crack, Coleman fired the rifle.

With a single sharp roar the lion leapt straight up into the air, all four paws leaving the ground, and the carcass of the kudu also rose off the ground and then dropped back out of the lion's mouth as the jaws released it and there was a crash as the lion landed on the far side of the kudu, having sailed right over it, and he now lay quivering along the entire length of the body against the wall of high grass back of the bait.

"You got him, you got him," Eileen shouted.

"Another one for luck," said Coleman. He fired again.

Frank Hogarth heard the spanking slap of metal hitting flesh and this time the lion got up on his hind legs like a horse rearing, bellowing long and loud, then somersaulting backwards, into the high grass out of sight.

On the platform all three were on their feet trying to see into the high grass.

"Well, there's your lion," Coleman said to the girl. He was looking very pleased with himself.

"That was great," said the girl. She stood on her toes trying to see the lion and rested a hand on Coleman's shoulder.

"You reckon he's finished?" asked Frank Hogarth.

Coleman looked at him, grinning.

"He's finished, don't you worry yourself about that." He rubbed the carved stock of his gun. "I was seeing so good, I could have put a hole in the middle of a sixpence. The first one got him high up between the neck and shoulder. And the second one in the head."

"What are we waiting for? Let's go down," said Eileen. "I want to see the lion."

"No. First let's celebrate," said Coleman. "The boys'll be here in a little while. They must have heard the shots."

Coleman pulled out the square food basket and they all sat down. The girl kept turning her head towards the grass.

"A lot different from the films, eh?" said Coleman. He opened the basket. "Damn. Looks like the cook's left out the most important item. I'm sorry. We'll just have to celebrate on coffee."

He pulled out the flask of hot coffee and the enamel mugs. He told Frank Hogarth, "You were asking about smoking. It's all right to smoke now."

Frank Hogarth felt in his pockets for the cigarettes.

"I'll have one too," the girl said. "Thank you, Frank."

"I'll smoke a cigar, if you don't mind," said Coleman. "Nothing like a good cigar."

"Go ahead," said Eileen.

Frank Hogarth tried to strike a match, but it snapped in two. His hands were shaking. He could feel the girl looking at him.

"Here," said Coleman. "I've got a lighter."

He lit Eileen's cigarette and then Frank Hogarth's. Hogarth saw that she was looking at him through the first puff of smoke and then she looked away quickly.

"Nerves can be a funny thing," said Coleman, trying to make it sound casual.

"I won't have anything with my coffee," said Eileen. "Somehow I've lost my appetite."

"Me, too," said Frank Hogarth. "I don't think I even want coffee."

"Better have some coffee," said Coleman. That laugh of his again. "Nothing like coffee to steady you. Especially after a lion."

"You must have shot lots of lions?" said Eileen.

"I've shot a few."

"Do you always shoot them from platforms?" asked Frank Hogarth.

Coleman had the cigar in one hand, and in the other the mug of coffee halfway up to his mouth. He put down the coffee.

"No, this is the first time from a platform." He looked at Frank Hogarth and as he grinned his cheeks, lifting, formed two cushions under his eyes. "One's got to consider the company one's with."

Frank Hogarth saw Eileen look from him to Coleman, back to him and then to Coleman again. Something seemed to be going on behind her eyes and he did not feel too happy about it.

"If you were here a bit longer," Coleman said to the girl, "I'd take you along on one of the other kind of hunts."

She looked at him and smiled. "You're persistent, I will say. Is that your technique? You break them down or something?"

"You never can tell."

Frank Hogarth said, "Don't lions generally charge?"

"You've been reading books," said Coleman. "In books they always charge."

Eileen put down her empty coffee mug. "You've never actually been charged?"

Coleman laughed. "I never let them get near enough for that. I say: Kill them first and then they don't bother to charge you."

Now they had all finished their coffee. Eileen and Frank Hogarth had already put out the stumps of their cigarettes. Coleman's cigar was only halfway smoked. He stubbed it out and threw it away off the platform.

"All right," he said to the girl. "Let's take a look at your lion."

"*Your* lion, Alec." Her face brightened a lot as she got up.

"I dedicate the lion to you," said Coleman.

He dropped the rope ladder and looked at Frank Hogarth. "I'll go down first. Then Eileen. Then you." He grinned. "Of course, if this dead lion happens to charge, you just shoot him." His big sides shook as he spoke. "And don't forget," he went down the ladder laughing, "this time no rope tricks."

Then they were all three down on the ground, and wherever Frank Hogarth looked there seemed only this grass, with here and there a thorn tree rising out of it. The grass was higher than their heads. He felt decidedly uneasy.

"Still worrying about the lion?" Coleman asked him.

"I don't know," said Frank Hogarth. The girl looked at him for a moment and said nothing, and then she looked away again. So she's feeling sorry for me, he thought.

"Tell you what we'll do," said Coleman. "I'll let you go in front. Eileen and I will be right behind you. You needn't worry, I'll have you covered."

Frank Hogarth looked at Coleman and he saw the big fellow beginning to laugh. He turned without a

(*Continued on page* 88)

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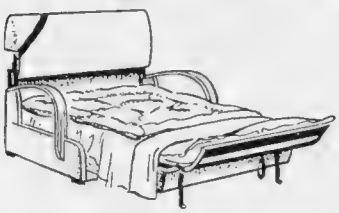

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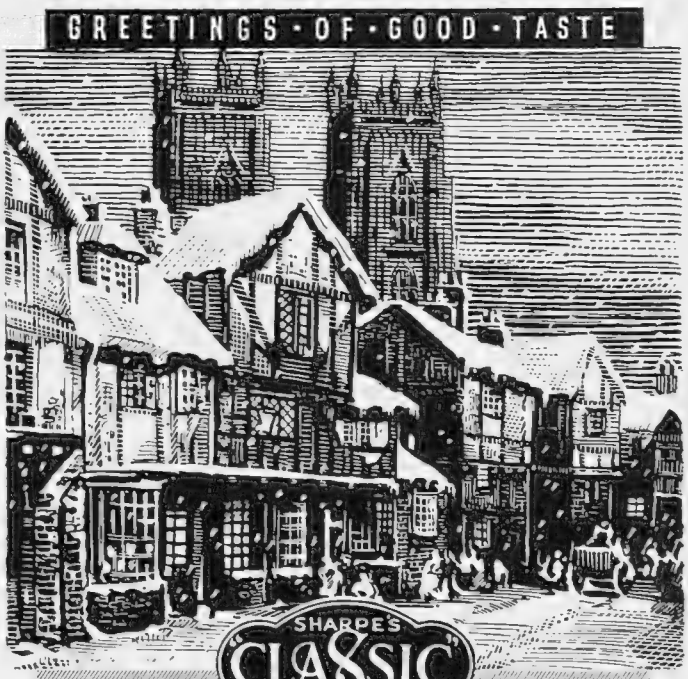

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word and headed for the high grass. He still had an uneasiness about the lion, he did not know why, but his anger for the moment was stronger than his fear.

What did the lion really matter now, dead or alive? He, Frank Hogarth, was just about as dead as any dead lion, and for that Coleman hadn't even needed a gun.

Well, it was his own fault. He should have stuck to the films and that kind of lion-hunting. In the films he probably looked quite good as a White Hunter, but here in the real thing it was only natural he should make a fool of himself and he should never really have come on this trip in the first place. Here he was only good for the laughs.

Probably right now he was giving them still more laughs. He could see why Coleman had sent him in front.

Now, wading through the grass, Frank Hogarth held his rifle in front of him across his body. He used the muzzle of the rifle to part the stiff stems of the grass, pushing himself through after the gun. It was much slower going than he had thought it could be, even a simple matter like going through grass was something you had to know about.

He could hear Coleman and the girl somewhere behind him. Above the swishing of the parting of the grass he could hear them talking. And occasionally they also laughed. Even low like that, Coleman's laugh still sounded to him like a saw.

Then he stepped out of the tall grass and into the clearing, which he saw was simply a carpet of fairly short soft Kikuyu grass that ran along the ground as it grew.

Over at the far edge he saw the mangled remains of the kudu and stopped.

He knew he ought to go forward, but his feet did not seem to be able to move and he felt a weakness in the knees. For a moment he was afraid he was going to be violently ill.

Then he heard the girl scream.

She must have just stepped out of the high grass and it was her scream that made him turn his head. There on the left of the open patch he saw the great yellow form rise out of the grass.

A bellow like an explosion smote his ears. He caught a swift glimpse of two burning red eyes, the one with blood dripping out of

The Real Thing

it, that were madness and pain and wicked hate all in one; and of a wide mouth drawn back baring fangs like two rows of huge yellow knives, froth and blood dripping from them, too. Again the girl screamed and he heard a shot as the lion seemed upon him, the hot foul breath searing his face and a great paw striking him to the ground.

After that there was a time when he was not quite certain of anything. For instance, he was not certain when first he saw the girl. He did see the soft leather boots, then the bottom hem of the tweed coat. Looking up as he lay there, he saw she was palefaced, staring at him. He thought there was more in her eyes than merely concern, that there was something there he had not seen for a long time, but of course he must be just imagining that.

Then he saw the lion. At any rate, the great tawny body that lay on its side was that of a lion. He could not be so sure of the head because most of it had been blown away.

"Yes, he's dead all right," said the girl. "Dead now, thank goodness. I thought he had you."

Coleman must have let him get rather close, he thought. He turned his head to thank Coleman, that was the least he could do.

"*Where's* Coleman?" he asked.

"Coleman?" she said. "Oh, Coleman." She turned and pointed to a tall thorn tree. One of the boughs was shaking rather a lot, and it was shaking from the weight of Alec Coleman. In the distance he could hear the boys coming along.

Frank Hogarth reached for his rifle, picking it up by the barrel. The barrel was quite hot. At first he could not believe it and he touched the barrel again. It was quite hot all right. He got up then. Except for his torn leather jacket he was all right. Everything was all right.

He looked at Coleman again, thinking: It isn't going to be so easy getting down that thorn tree. But he'd better start climbing down as fast as he seemed to have climbed up, if he didn't want his boys to see him there.

END

Salt Water Christmas (*Continued from page* 16)

contributed, together with sentimental ditties concerning cottages with roses round the door, and white-haired mothers waiting the prodigal's return.

THE cabin passenger in such ships as the Blackwallers trading to Australia, and the Western Ocean packets generally, seems to have fared pretty well at all times, and Christmas, of course, called for a special effort on the cooks' part. Mr. Basil Lubbock quotes a lyrical effort from the ship's gazette of the packet-ship *Cornelius Grinnell* in 1858 which certainly suggests that Yuletide fare was not lacking for such as could look it in the face.

"First of all we had some soup and it was very good,
But as I could not take it I left it for those who could.
The next course was boiled codfish, and boiled potatoes too,
But that I do not like so I left it for those who do.
The next course was a stunner, which I must try to relate.
But I could not get a little of each dish upon my plate.
We had a fine roast turkey, just as fine and good
As if you'd just gone and shot it on the prairie or the wood.
A fine dish of stewed chicken, a fine macaroni pie,
Roast and boiled potatoes, and mashed turnips by the bye,
And very good fresh bread, which the steward bakes each day,
Besides sea biscuits, pickles and such fixings in that way.
And when we all had had enough, and that good course was done,
On came the fine plum pudding, and then commenced the fun.
Mr. Clark had brought champagne for himself or for his wife,
And it certainly was some of the best I ever tasted in my life.
He brought it for sea sickness, but they did not drink it on the way,
And he thought we could not do better than drink it on Christmas Day."

THE emigrants in their crowded quarters in the steerage fared a good deal less sumptuously. The rations which were served out once a week were barely enough to ward off starvation; the rest of their provisions they brought on board with them, and their meals they cooked themselves at a row of fires in the waist of the ship, which were generally extinguished by the seas in bad weather.

But what they lacked in creature comforts, they, like the shellback, made up for in song. Germans and Irish for the most part, with a sprinkling of Italians, the songs of their native land came readily to their lips. "Every night, in the dog watch," writes Herman Melville, "they sing the songs of Zion to the roll of the great ocean organ"; and at Christmas, when the thoughts of even the most reckless and abandoned turn a little to remembrance of home, the old hymns and carols rose from the crowded quarters in which the singers were voyaging to the new Promised Land. "Silent night, holy night"—the packet rats as they laid aloft at their work paused as the melody floated up to them on the midnight air, to take its place in their store of memories, and become blended in course of time with the songs which in those days lightened the seaman's labour.

END

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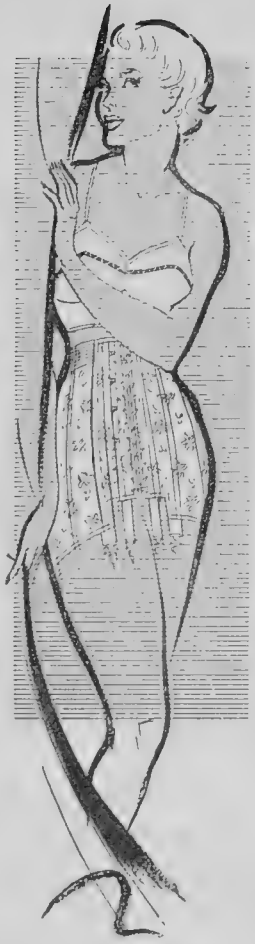

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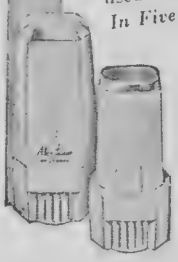

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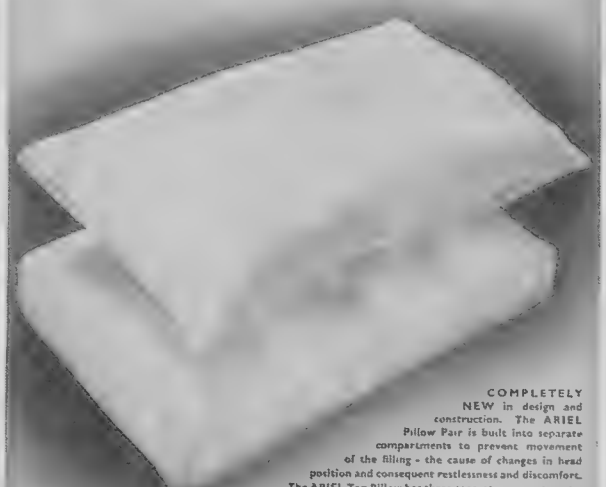

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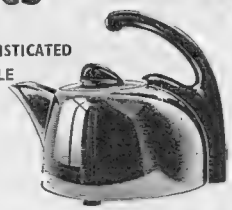

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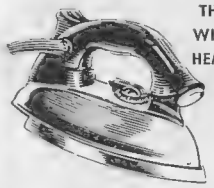

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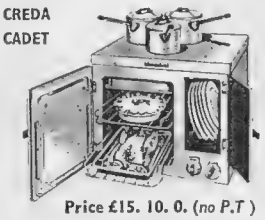

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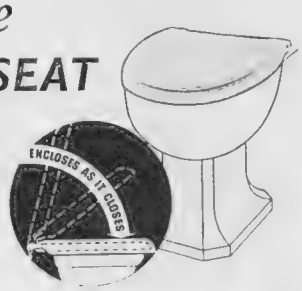

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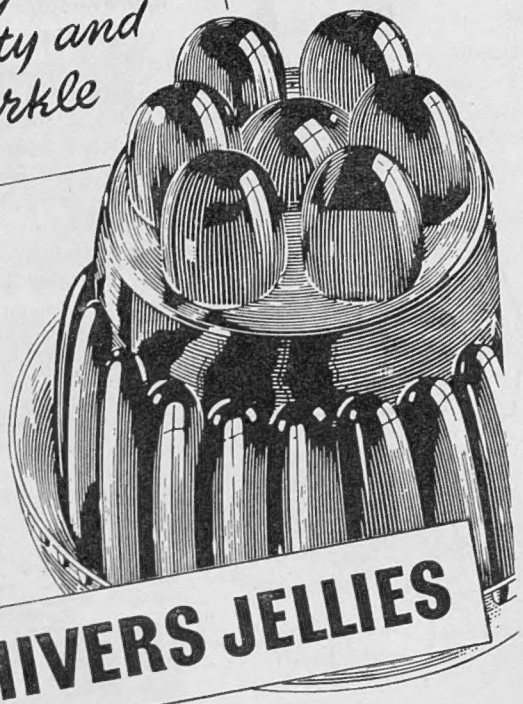

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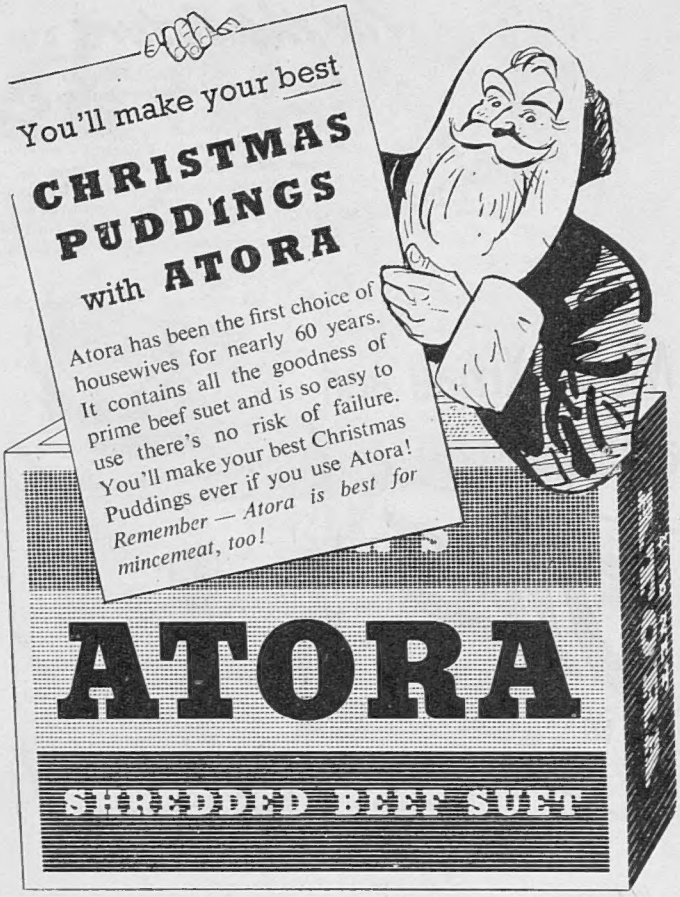

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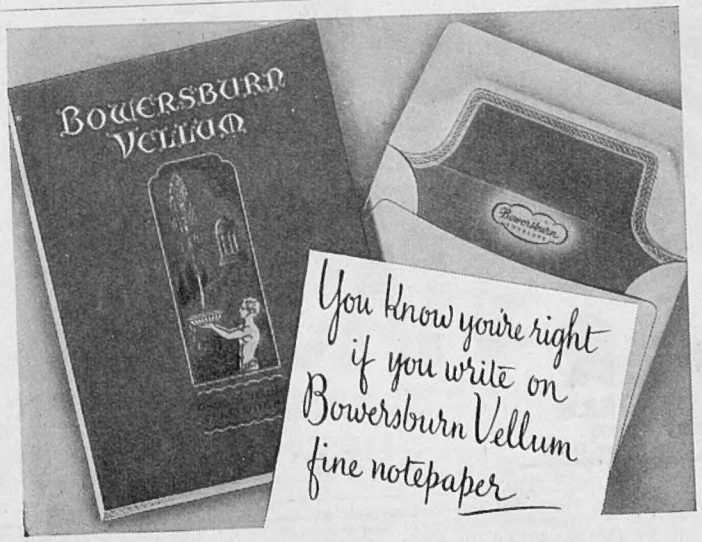

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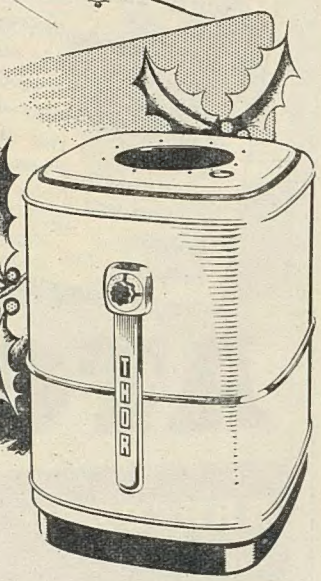

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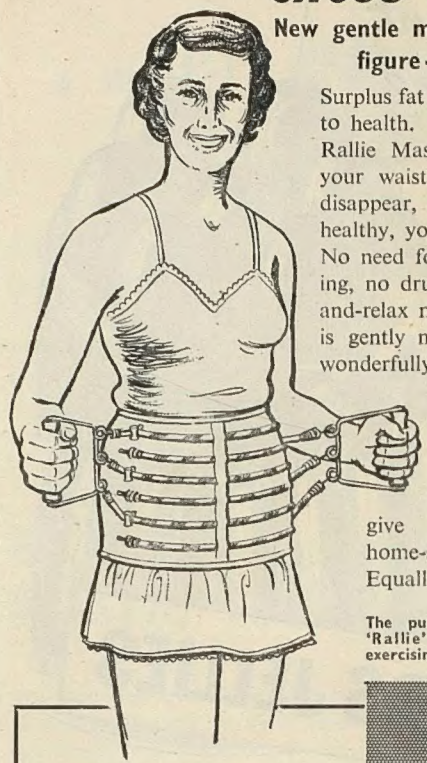

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I can't thank you enough . . .

". . . for telling me about Tampax. I never imagined *anything could be so comfortable. What a wonderful difference it makes to 'those difficult days'."*

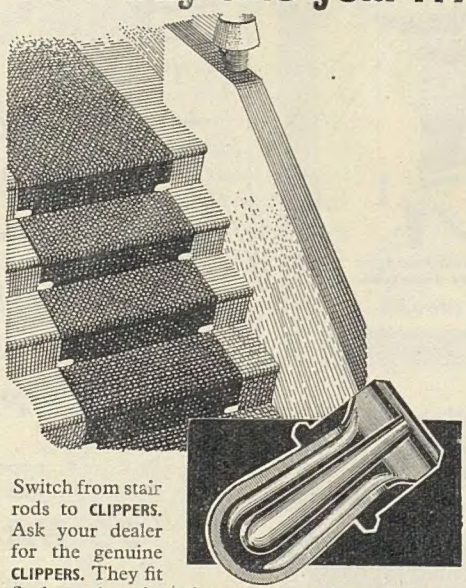
Thousands of women now bless the day a friend persuaded them to try Tampax. This new, completely different form of sanitary protection is *worn internally*. It just *cannot* chafe, or cause embarrassment. It's daintier, more hygienic, safer, and so *much* more comfortable. Ask your chemist for Regular Tampax No. 1, price 1/9, or Super Absorbent Tampax No. 2, price 2/- per packet of 10.

TAMPAX

Sanitary Protection Worn Internally

TAMPAX LIMITED, BELVUE ROAD, NORTHOLT, MIDDLESEX

Give yourself a *New* stairway this year...



Switch from stair rods to **CLIPPERS.** Ask your dealer for the genuine **CLIPPERS.** They fit flush to the edge of the carpet and are the best. No cleaning. Instantaneous removal.

Of all Furnishers **Ironmongers and Stores**

REG. TRADE MARK

CLIPPER

STAIR CARPET HOLDERS

Made only by **SMITH AND DAVIS LIMITED.**
Beacon Works, Friar Park Road, Wednesbury, Staffs.

S.D 3FL

Have a nicer tea with "Bermaline" *Bread and butter*

1.12.50

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make it easily with NESCAFÉ

LUSCIOUS COFFEE GATEAU

The lightness and fresh coffee flavour of this lovely gateau tempts you to eat slice after slice! It's so easy to make—just take 2 eggs, 4 oz. each of sugar, margarine and self-raising flour and 2 teaspoons of Nescafé. Cream margarine and sugar, beat in eggs, lightly add sieved flour and dry Nescafé, finally a tablespoon of water. Bake in two 7″ greased sandwich tins for 20 minutes at Regulo 5. For a four-tier cake, slice each sponge in two when quite cold. Here are recipes for a delicious icing and a creamy filling.

MOCHA ICING

2 level teaspoons Nescafé dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, 2 oz. margarine, 2 level tablespoons cocoa, 8 oz. icing sugar.
In a large bowl, blend fat and cocoa together. Stir in half the Nescafé liquid, then half the sugar. Mix well. Gradually add remaining sugar and liquid; beat until smooth and easy to spread. This makes enough for top and three layers of filling. If you decide to ice cake all over, use the filling below, which does not need icing sugar.

CREAMY COFFEE FILLING

2 level dessertspoons cornflour, 1 rounded teaspoon Nescafé dissolved in 1 tablespoon hot water, ¼ pint milk, 1½ oz. margarine, 1 oz. castor sugar.
Blend cornflour with a little of the cold milk. Warm rest of milk with the dissolved Nescafé. Stir into the blended cornflour, return to heat and stir until well cooked and thick. Put aside to cool. Cream margarine and sugar well together, then gradually add the cooled cornflour and beat until the consistency of thick whipped cream.

and of course for good coffee

A spoonful of Nescafé in the cup, hot water—milk and sugar to taste. There you have coffee with rich full flavour, roaster-fresh fragrance. Perfect coffee every time, for all its strength and goodness is sealed into Nescafé by the special Nestlé process.

ROASTER FRESH FRAGRANT

NESCAFE
NESTLÉ'S
SOLUBLE COFFEE PRODUCT
COMPOSED OF COFFEE SOLIDS COMBINED AND POWDERED WITH DEXTRINS, MALTOSE AND DEXTROSE ADDED TO PROTECT THE FLAVOUR

NESCAFÉ

Nescafe is a soluble coffee product composed of coffee solids, combined and powdered with dextrins, maltose and dextrose added to protect the flavour.

ANOTHER OF NESTLÉ'S GOOD THINGS

BIRD'S CHRISTMAS PUDDING

4 oz. Flour
4 oz. Bread Crumbs
½-tsp. Bird's Golden Raising Powder
¼-level tsp. Salt
½-tsp. Grated Nutmeg
¼-tsp. Ground Ginger
1 tsp. Ground Cinnamon
4 oz. Shredded Suet or Fat
6 oz. Sugar (brown if possible)
1 lb. Mixed Dried Fruit
2 oz. Candied Peel
3 Eggs
1 dessertsp. Golden Syrup
1 tsp. Gravy Browning
About 3 tablesp. Rum or Stout or Old Beer

Prepare the dried fruit. Sieve the flour, Bird's Golden Raising Powder, spices and salt together. Add the bread crumbs, chopped suet, sugar and dried fruit, and mix well. Add the beaten eggs, syrup and enough rum or stout to give a soft dropping consistency. Stir in sufficient browning to colour lightly.

When thoroughly mixed put into one good-sized, or two small well-greased basins. Cover with greased paper or cloth and steam for about 6 hours.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS CUSTARD

2 pints Bird's Custard
4 tablespoons Sherry, Rum or Brandy

Prepare creamy Bird's Custard in the usual way and keep hot. Just before serving stir in the sherry, rum or brandy. It's wonderful!

Make merry!

The great moment when the Christmas Pudding comes in . . . rich, glistening, wreathed in blue flame. This Christmas its richness is brought to perfection with its special Christmas sauce of golden, creamy Bird's Custard. And there's plenty of Bird's Custard for everybody now!

Buy Bird's Custard just how you want it! The ready-to-make one-pint packet . . . the packet that gives you 6 pints in separate envelopes, or this full-size family tin.

Always better with BIRD'S